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THE
SENTIMENTAL
CONNOISSEUR: *h*

OR,
PLEASING AND ENTERTAINING
NOVELIST.

BEING
AN ELEGANT AND NEW
ASSEMBLAGE

OF

| | | |
|-------------------|----|--------------------------|
| Lively EFFUSIONS | of | Entertaining NOVELS, |
| FANCY, | | Comic CHARACTERS, |
| Polite TALES, | | Facetious HISTORIES, |
| Diverting ESSAYS, | | Affecting EXAMPLES, |
| Droll ADVENTURES, | | Striking REMARKS, |
| Pleasing STORIES, | | Pointed SATIRES, &c. &c. |

Entirely calculated to form in the Mind
the most virtuous Sentiments :

AND

Adapted to promote a love of VIRTUE and an
abhorrence of VICE.

*A twofold gift in this my volume lies,
It makes you merry, and it makes you wise.* PHÆDRUS.

LONDON:

Sold by R. NEWTON, J. MURDELL, M.
COOPER, and D. MIDWINTER.

MDCCLXXVIII.





T H E
P R E F A C E.



WE persuade ourselves, that the following collection of stories, &c. will be an acceptable present to the public; and we hope that it will be found a judicious one. All ages seem to have agreed, that such collections are both exceeding useful and pleasant. From hence it hath come to pass, that not many *Latin* books have been so often transcribed as the *actions and sayings of memorable men*, written by *Valerius Maximus*, in the time of *Tiberius* the *Roman* emperor; a proof of which is, the great number of manuscripts of this author, which are to be found in curious libraries. Indeed many learned men have been much displeased with the epitomes, fragments, and detached parts of authors communicated to the world.

For they complain, that the monks and priests, who for some ages were the only men of letters, through idleness, and affection to particular passages, have contented themselves with abridgments and extracts, and have multiplied them; neglecting the original authors, and suffering them to rot in damp places, or to be consumed by worms. It is true, that many authors, who have been thus diminished, have been totally lost; as *Trogus's* history, by *Justin's* epitome: and likewise small remnants have been found of many others, as for instance, of *Anacreon* and *Petronius Arbiter*, which indeed, whatever the learned may think, might both have been very well spared; as all the subjects which they handle, tend to corrupt, and not to instruct mankind.

*Quid nisi cum multo Venerem confundere
Baccho*

Præcepit Lyrici Teia Musa Senis? CVID.

But however unlucky the fate may have been of mutilated authors, in antient times, no abridgments or extracts from good writers can, in these our days, put an end to them. Since the divine art of
printing

printing hath been found out, they will endure even unto the universal conflagration of this terrestrial globe.

We can please ourselves with the assurance, that we do no injury to the authors from whom these stories are taken; as we know that our book will be only bought by persons who have not money wherewith to purchase, nor time to spend in perusing many voluminous works. As readers of this sort may be reckoned nineteen out of twenty, we shall not regret that the twentieth part refuse to buy our work. We are also possessed of this farther pleasure, the reflecting in our minds, that we offer no story to our readers which can in the least hurt good manners. We have endeavoured to mark a virtue, and sometimes a vice, or a passion, rather by a fact than a reflexion. Reason addressed to the ear dwells a short time with the generality of men, and the surest way to make them attend to it, is to present to them objects, which they may, if we may so say, both see and touch. Now facts, making an impression upon their imagination, render them necessarily attentive; and are better suited to their capacity, than precepts, which moreover

always leave the auditor cold and tranquil. Besides, we know that monitory discourses constitute much less the matter of ordinary converse, than historical facts and anecdotes.

Here we cannot but own, that a fine spirited turn of a story, which is given to the reader, singly, appears more brilliant: whereas in a book, which contains a great number, the impression made by one is often effaced by that which follows it. This inconvenience, if it be one, is common to all works, whose beauties are too frequent. But if the reader sometimes retires from them a little tired, at least he is always pleased with the having enjoyed them.

We have only allowed ourselves that liberty, in the various stories here related, which the sweet joys of conversation, or the decorum of a well regulated theatre admit. For which reason, we have refused in this collection an entrance to personal invective, and also to every subject, or expression, which might alarm modesty, or excite a censurable laugh at the objects of duty, devotion, or reverence.



T H E
S E N T I M E N T A L
C O N N O I S S E U R :
O R,
P L E A S I N G A N D E N T E R T A I N I N G
N O V E L I S T.

T H E P R O F U S E H E I R.

AN old gentleman had a fair seat, about ten leagues from the city of Paris, which had belonged to his family for the space of five hundred years. His yearly revenue was very considerable : and having only one son, he gave him the liberty of managing half his estate when he came to the age of one and twenty years.

This young spark being of a high spirit, was so far from harbouring any thoughts of frugality, that he could hardly brook the necessity of living within the compass of his allowance. He addicted himself to gaming, drinking, and other lewd courses, which in a short time consumed his means, and reduced him to great straits.

About the same time his father died, and left him the remainder of his estate, giving him all the instructions that are useful in such cases; and among the rest of his sage counsels, he charged him, if it should be his misfortune to become a bankrupt again, so as to be forced to sell his estate, that he would at least not part with that house, which had been so long in the possession of their family: especially, he conjured him to reserve one particular chamber for himself as long as he lived, which was the same where he then lay a dying; for this, said he, will be a sanctuary for you, when you have no other place of refuge in the world.

After the old man's decease, his son fell to his former course of life; and, to make short of it, in a few years spent all his

his patrimony; even that very house itself, which he was forced to sell at last for an under-price, to supply his present necessities. However, he obeyed his father's last injunction; and in the sale of the house, made articles for the perpetual claim and use of that chamber to himself.

It was not long before he had consumed the money which he had received for the house: so that now his last support was gone. He tried to borrow of some of his friends, and acquaintance; and, in charity, they supplied him at first with small sums: but when he often pressed them, they grew weary of him, and denied to part with any more.

The disconsolate gentleman, overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, returns to his chamber, hoping to find some ease in that private recess, where he might at least have the privilege of venting his sorrow in sighs and tears.

He passed away some time in this dejected condition, when at length he cast his eyes on an old trunk which stood in the corner of the chamber, and which he had scarce ever regarded before. An odd curiosity prompted him to rise and

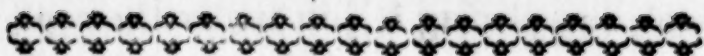
look into this trunk, perhaps not so much in hopes of finding any relief there, as to divert himself and pass away the tedious minutes. And yet it is natural for people in great calamities and misfortunes, to flatter themselves with the imagination of unexpected reliefs, and to catch at every little glimpse or shadow, that seems to presage any good. Be it how it will, he fell to rifling the trunk, but found nothing, save a parcel of old rags and papers, with other remnants and fragments of silk, linen and velvet, the reliques and spoils of his father's wardrobe. This was no booty for him: however, he ceased not his scrutiny, till he had quite emptied the trunk; when, to his no small astonishment, he found these words on the bottom: Ah, prodigal! hast thou spent all, and sold thy house? Now go and hang thyself. There is a rope ready provided for thee in the beam of the chamber.

The young gentleman looking to the ceiling, and seeing a halter hang there, being fastened to an iron ring, was struck with such a damp, that concluding it was the will of fate, that he should fulfil the words he found on the bottom of the trunk,

trunk, he immediately took a chair, or stool, and placing it just under the rope, got up and raised himself upon it, that so he might the better reach the designed instrument of his death.

He stood not long musing : for life appeared now insupportable to him. Wherefore putting the halter about his neck, in the height of despair he kicked the stool away : when behold, instead of hanging there, he fell to the ground, the weighty swing of his body having pulled out a piece of square timber from the beam, being that part to which the ring was fastened. Immediately he was like to be overwhelmed, and buried alive in a great heap of gold, which came showering down upon him out of the hollow place, which his father had contrived on purpose in the beam, to put this kind sarcasm on his son, now sufficiently mortified by so many sorrows.

In a word, this made so deep an impression on him, that he grew reformed, buying all his estate back again with part of the money ; and employing the rest in merchandizing, grew to be a richer man than his father, or any of his progenitors.



B A U C I S

A N D

P H I L E M O N.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their
cells,

And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers canting strain
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last;

Where

Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
 Call'd in the neighbourhood *Philemon*;
 Who kindly did these saints invite
 In his poor hut to pass the night;
 And then the hospitable fire
 Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
 While he from out the chimney took
 A flitch of bacon off the hook,
 And freely from the fattest side
 Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
 And saw it fairly twice go round;
 Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they had not touch'd a drop.
 The good old couple were amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd;
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,
 And just began to cry,—What art!
 Then softly turn'd aside to view
 Whether the lights were burning blue.
 The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
 Told them their calling, and their errand;
 Good folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but *saints*, the hermits said;
 No hurt shall come to you or yours:
 But for that pack of churlish boors,

Not

Not fit to live on Christian ground,
 They and their houses shall be drown'd ;
 While you shall see your cottage rise,
 And grow a church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke, when fair and
 soft

The roof began to mount aloft ;
 Aloft arose each beam and rafter ;
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew
 higher,
 Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
 And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
 But with the upside down, to show
 Its inclination for below :

In vain; for a superior force
 Apply'd at bottom stops its course :
 Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
 'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
 Lost by disuse the art to roast,
 A sudden alteration feels,

Increas'd by new intestine wheels ;
 And, what exalts the wonder more,
 The number made the motion flow'r :
 The flier, though't had leaden feet,
 Turn'd round so quick you scarce could
 see't ;

But,

But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
 Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
 The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
 Had never left each other's side :
 The chimney to a steeple grown,
 The jack would not be left alone ;
 But, up against the steeple rear'd,
 Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
 And still its love to household cares,
 By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
 Warning the cook-maid not to burn
 That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,
 Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
 There stuck aloft in public view,
 And, with small charge, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
 Hung high, and made a glittering show,
 To a less noble substance chang'd,
 Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
 Of Joan of France and English Moll,
 Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
 The little children in the wood,
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,
 Improv'd in picture, size, and letter ;
 And, high in order plac'd, describe
 The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
 Compact of timber many a load,
 Such as our ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphos'd into pews;
 Which still their ancient nature keep;
 By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
 Grew to a church by just degrees,
 The hermit then desir'd their host
 To ask for what he fancy'd most.
 Philemon, having paus'd a while,
 Return'd them thanks in homely style;
 Then said, My house is grown so fine,
 Methinks, I still would call it mine;
 I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
 Make me the *parson*, if you please.

He spoke; and presently he feels
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each arm a pudding sleeve;
 His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
 And both assum'd a sable hue;
 But being old, continu'd just
 As thread bare, and as full of dust.
 His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues*;
 He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
 Knew how to preach old sermons next;
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text;

At

At christ'nings well could act his part,
 And had the service all by heart;
 Wish'd women might have children fast,
 And thought whose sow had farrow'd
 last;

Against *Dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *right divine*;
 Found his head fill'd with many a system:
 But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbush'd up a parson,
 Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce
 on.

Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
 Good pinner's edg'd with *colberteen*;
 Her petticoat transform'd apace,
 Became black satin flounc'd with lace,
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down;
 'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
 Philemon was in great surprise,
 And hardly could believe his eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim:
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
 Were sev'ral years this man and wife;
 When on a day, which prov'd their last,
 Discourfing o'er old stories past,
 They went by chance, amidst their talk,
 To the church-yard to take a walk;

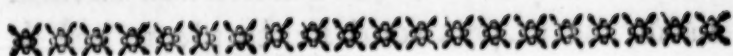
When

When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
 My dear, I see your forehead sprout!
 Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you
 tell us?

I hope, you don't believe me jealous;
 But yea, methinks, I feel it true:
 And really your's is budding too—
 Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
 It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse;
 In short, they both were turn'd to *yews*.

Old Goodman Dobson of the green
 Remembers, he the trees has seen;
 He'll talk of them from noon to night,
 And goes with folks to shew the sight;
 On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
 He gathers all the parish there;
 Points out the place of either *yew*;
 Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:
 Till once a parson of our town,
 To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
 At which 'tis hard to be believ'd,
 How much the other tree was griev'd,
 Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
 So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.



D A M O N

A N D

A R A M I N T A;

O R, T H E

S E N T I M E N T A L L O V E R S.

AR A M I N T A was endowed with the most precious gifts, wit, gracefulness, and beauty; with so many charms, and fifty thousand pounds, was it possible that she could fail to please? Her suitors soon were numerous. Beaus, lords, men of actual fortune, and others who were in expectation of one; in short, all who thought themselves amiable (the number of whom is great enough) crowded to pay their homage to her. The simperings of the one, the studied compliments of the other, the manners of all, their speeches, their behaviour, amused her. How could they

they do more? Her judgment was as solid as her heart was tender : to please her, it was necessary to resemble her ; and whole ages do not produce a soul like hers. She imagined, however, that she had found it in Erastus. To a great deal of wit he joined a fine person. Long possessed of the talent of subduing the fair, he thought the conquest of Araminta wanting to crown his glory. He made his addresses to her, sighed, talked of love, was so seducing, and said things with so persuasive an air, that she was almost mistaken : but soon recovering herself, she saw through his motive. No, Erastus, said she to him, you will not deceive me. Vanity is the principle of all your actions. You never knew what love is ; and nothing else can touch me. Erastus withdrew. The part he was acting began to be irksome to him.

A few days after, Damon arrived from his travels. At an age when young people think of nothing but pleasure, study was his occupation. Distinguished by his birth, heir to a considerable estate, handsome, and possessed of every qualification becoming a gentleman ; all that knew him were astonished at his mani-
fest

fest dislike of the usual diversions of those
 of his years. It was not that his philo-
 sophy was either harsh or gloomy. He
 always dressed gaily, frequented the best
 of company, and even said sweet things
 to the ladies: it was customary so to do;
 and he complied with the custom.
 Though he had often declared, that he
 was determined never to marry, he at the
 same time felt within himself that such a
 female as his heart desired would easily
 make him alter that resolution. To
 think, said he, of finding in this age a wife
 both handsome and affectionate, would be
 a mere chimæra. His error did not last
 long. He saw Araminta. So many per-
 fections made him feel sentiments which
 had to him the charms of novelty: he
 would have dissembled to himself that it
 was love. I esteem her, I admire her,
 said he to one of his friends. I will even
 own to you, that, if her heart is as ten-
 der as her physiognomy and manners
 seem to speak it to be, I would wish no
 greater happiness than that of pleasing
 her: but how can I be sure of it? Ap-
 pearances are so deceitful! every thing
 now-a-days is sacrificed to coquetry. A
 few conversations unveiled to him Ara-
 minta's

mint's mind. He saw in it such delicate sentiments, so strong an aversion to trifles, so much solidity, so much virtue, that he soon became deeply smitten. Other sentiments may be mistaken, but true love never can: the marks which characterise it are too remarkable to admit of doubt. Araminta felt the sweetness of being beloved. Damon's tenderness triumphed over her indifference; she loved.

Yes, Damon, said she to him one day, you have found the way to please me. Why should I blush at owning it to you? But, for my satisfaction, for my repose, for my happiness, go, remove to a distance from hence for two years: if your sentiments are not altered by the end of that time, my hand shall be the reward of your constancy.

Damon remonstrated against the cruelty of his sentence; used every argument to induce her to repeal it; complained of an excess of delicacy which would render him the most unhappy of men. The putting of my love to a trial, said he, implies a doubt of my sincerity. It is endeavouring to secure the happiness of my life; I love too much not to wish to be loved
with

with equal ardour. My husband shall be my lover, and I will have in my lover as much constancy as delicacy. Damon replied, but could not gain any thing: Araminta persisted in her resolution. He set out. Araminta had placed in Damon's service a valet-de-chambre who was quite devoted to her interests, and who was to inform her of all his master's actions.

When arrived at the town which he had chosen for his place of abode, he shut himself up in his habitation. If he went out sometimes, it was only to take a walk. The most unfrequented and most retired places were those which pleased him best: no friend, no acquaintance, no connection with any one; he seemed to have renounced all communication with mankind. His books and Araminta's letters were his only pleasures. He heard from her often; the most refined sentiments dictated what she wrote. How happy did he esteem himself in his misfortunes, to be loved with such delicacy.

The young lady, regularly informed of the life her lover lead, ceased not to applaud the choice she had made. In an age when love is looked upon as no better

ter than an amusement, said she sometimes to her friends, in which frivolousness is become the appendage of both sexes, in which every thing is sacrificed to vanity, interest and debauchery; am I not happy in having found a heart like that of Damon? He alone knows how to love. How pure and serene will be the days which we shall enjoy together! what heart-felt pleasures will follow our union! the tenderest reciprocal affection will give them birth; and love will crown all our desires. The end of Damon's banishment grew near: he was on the point of seeing the long and ardently wished for moment, when he received a letter from Araminta, couched in the following terms:

“ I was not born to be happy: I have
 “ just now experienced it: from the most
 “ brilliant situation, I am at once fallen
 “ into the most shocking indigence. A
 “ misfortune, as sudden as it was unfore-
 “ seen, has stripped me of all my riches.
 “ It is not then I regret, I assure you:
 “ but have I not cause to complain of
 “ fate, which tears from me a so tenderly
 “ beloved lover? For to imagine that
 “ your love can be proof against such a
 stroke,

"stroke, would be flattering myself too
 "much. Such delicacy of sentiment is
 "no longer known; it would be unjust
 "to require it. Poor is the resource
 "which personal accomplishments afford,
 "when they cease to be supported by
 "money! What I have left, will just
 "suffice to board me in the country;
 "which is the only step I can take: I
 "shall there have time to bewail my mis-
 "fortunes; to weep for the loss of my
 "lover. Happy, if I can recover that
 "tranquillity of mind; which will from
 "henceforth be the object of my de-
 "sires!"

How happy am I, dear Araminta! cried
 Damon, when he had read this letter.
 I saw in you no fault whatever, but that
 of being too rich. A thousand times,
 yes, a thousand times have I wished, that
 you had been born in the very bosom of
 poverty. I shall then have the extatic
 pleasure, the pleasure so divine to sensible
 hearts, of heaping wealth upon, of ho-
 nouring, and of rendering happy the per-
 son whom I love. Let us away this mo-
 ment, let us fly; love shall atone for the
 injustice of fortune.

He sat out directly, animated with the

B

pleasing

pleasing hope of seeing again the dear object of all his tenderness. Araminta, informed of his departure, took the justest measures to carry on the stratagem which she had devised.

He found her busied in preparing, with her own delicate hands, a frugal repast. A room which the sun hardly ever lighted was her apartment, and in it were only a wretched bed, and a few old chairs. What occupation! what place of dwelling! Araminta, cried he, dear Araminta! what a change is this! to how low an ebb has fortune reduced you! but no; fortune can reduce you to less than your real value. Can any one do otherwise than admire such moderation, such fortitude, under so cruel and so sudden a blow? The greatness of your soul shines with a splendor which far eclipses all the tinsel glittering of human grandeur. You thought me capable of sacrificing you to sordid interest! Ah! Araminta, did you do justice to my sentiments? Those eyes, those lovely eyes, the sweetness of which charms, enchants, transports into extasy; those finely framed features, that air, that presence, that shape, those graces, that sprightly wit, that solid sense, that heart
superior

superior to all praise; those are the riches which I esteem. No, I will no longer complain of the rigours of fortune, replied Araminta; I have, on the contrary, cause to praise them. How sweet is it to me to be beloved with such delicacy! How agreeably do your sentiments, dear Damon, flatter me! Our hearts are made for each other; nothing but their re-union can render us happy; and had it not been for the (shall I call it happy or unhappy?) event which has deprived me of all my riches, should I ever have tasted so pure a pleasure as that which I now feel? Too delicate, too fond, not to have created to myself imaginary pains, I should perhaps have imputed your love to a motive of interest. Thanks to fortune, my fears are banished, and my happiness is sure; at least I venture to flatter myself with that idea.

What did Damon not do to express to Araminta his extreme sensibility of all her kind and endearing words? He fell at her feet. His sighs, his tears, his silence, spoke for him. In such a situation as Damon's was, silence is the most pathetic eloquence.

Nothing opposed the happiness of our

two lovers; they thought it time to seal it: the day was fixed for the celebration of their marriage. With what pleasure did Damon see that so-much-wished-for day arrive! Every thing was ready for the ceremony, when Araminta was taken with a dizziness, the consequences of which were dreadful.

The small-pox appeared upon her with the most alarming symptoms. Two days of illness brought her to the last extremity. Damon is informed of Araminta's danger; he flies to her apartment, notwithstanding her strict command that he should not come near her then. In what a condition does he find her! A livid paleness, eyes which had lost all their liveliness, a difficulty of breathing, all seemed to portend a speedy death. What sight was this for a lover! Ah! Damon, said she, with a feeble and faltering voice, what have you done? Why have you disobeyed my orders? Why are you come to disturb my last moments? Your tenderness doubles my sufferings, by increasing the love of life, so natural to man. With what reluctance do I resign myself to the will of heaven! Dear lover, dear husband, you alone possess all
my

my thoughts, even in those moments when they ought to be far differently employed. How cruel is that idea of not seeing you again! Too deeply afflicted to be able to complain, Damon could not utter a word. Dejectedness, anguish, tears, and heart-breaking sighs, spoke sufficiently for him.

Heaven took pity on his sufferings. After some days of alarming danger, Araminta began to mend, and there were hopes that she might recover. Her youth and the goodness of her constitution saved her. What joy to Damon! with what transport did he receive the news of her recovery! It must be owned, pain always heightens the enjoyment of pleasure. The greater the fear of losing Araminta had been, the sweeter did the happiness of possessing her seem to Damon.

The young lady herself was not quite so contented; she was afraid for her beauty. Not that, like most women, she devoted all her care, all her regard, and all her peace of mind to so frivolous an advantage. No, doubtless, Araminta thought too solidly to set any great value upon a thing so frail, upon a flower which the least breath of wind may fade: but that

beauty secured to her the heart of a lover tenderly beloved : could she do otherwise than fear to lose him ?

She was no sooner out of danger than, not chusing to be seen by Damon in the condition she then was, she sent him word, that she begged of him to let some time pass before he came to her again. Damon complained : but he loved ; and consequently obeyed.

Araminta consulted her glass every day ; it taught her whether she was to hope or fear. Her fluctuating between fear and hope ended. The mask which disfigured her face dropt off, and all her features re-appeared as fine as before ; her complexion resumed its former delicacy ; she never was so handsome.

A thought comes into my head, said she one day to one of her friends, from whom she kept nothing secret : you will think it a mad one ; but I am determined to try it, be the consequence what it will. Damon loves me, I cannot doubt it ; but if that love is founded only on that little share of beauty, ought I to expect to keep his heart long ? It is on the possession of the heart, that the happiness of my life depends. Can I
take

take too many precautions to be sure of it? I will not have a transient happiness; I should feel too deeply any change therein.

Neither absence, nor the supposed loss of all my riches, have been able to alter Damon. Let us see whether his love will bear the loss of my beauty. In vain was it remonstrated to Araminta, that this would be too severe a trial; that in building so high the fabric of her happiness, she ran a hazard of seeing the whole structure tumbled down; that people become habituated to the figure of a person, and that the changes which happen to it are neither so great nor so sudden as to endanger what she apprehended; that at her age those changes were to be seen at so great a distance, that it was silly to be uneasy about it; that besides, Damon, discovering every day in her a thousand amiable qualities, would not even perceive the diminution of her beauty: all was to no purpose. Immoveably fixed in her resolution, she wrote the following letter to Damon.

“ It is now that my misfortunes are
 “ past all remedy; fortune has at length
 “ exhausted upon me all her spite. That

" beauty which women prize so much ;
 " that beauty which was so dear to me,
 " because I believed all your affection for
 " me owing to it ; is for ever lost, and
 " with it the hope of being Damon's
 " bride. Cruel reflection ! If you doubt
 " the truth of what I say, let your own
 " eyes convince you. May I yet depend
 " upon your heart ? I have nothing but
 " love to offer you ; will that be enough
 " for Damon ? It would be enough
 " for the affectionate and unhappy Ara-
 " minta."

It will be enough for me too, cried
 Damon with transport, your affection can
 alone crown all my wishes. He flies to
 Araminta's. She expected his coming,
 and had, with drugs prepared for the
 purpose, and applied to her face, entirely
 altered her countenance. Damon did
 not know her, but by the emotion he
 felt. What a moment was this for Ara-
 minta ! her fate was going to be deter-
 mined ! she loved to distraction, could
 she be easy ?

No, Araminta, said Damon, astonish-
 ing, amazing as this alteration is, it shall
 not produce any in me ; I still am
 the same : wonderful as your beauty

was,

was, it was not that which charmed me: the excellencies of your mind, the sweetness of your temper, and above all, that heart which would alone dispense you from any other merit; these were the objects which inspired me with a passion, which will not end but with my life. Defer then no longer the completion of my happiness; let the sacred rites of marriage unite us instantly. It was too much, my dear Damon, answered Araminta, it was too much: you shall be happy: you deserve to be so; your heart is such as mine desires; nothing will from henceforth disturb our felicity; all that I have done, was only to try you. You shall judge yourself whether I am still worthy to please you.

At these words she wiped off the kind of mask which disfigured her: never was she so beautiful. What do I see, cried Damon, transported with surprise; do you know that my delicacy does not at all relish the trick you have played me? You doubt then of my sincerity, and of the continuance of my love? I did not doubt it, Damon; but I was afraid of losing your heart in losing my beauty. I now am satisfied, and compleatly happy. I

will tell you more; the loss of my fortune was only an invention to try your love. I still am mistress of the same riches. What new objects of complaint! could you think me capable of being influenced by mercenary views? Ah! Araminta, did I deserve such suspicion?

Love undertook Araminta's defence: nothing could be laid to her charge but too much delicacy; she was soon justified in Damon's opinion. He fell at her knees, and besought her no longer to oppose his happiness. They were married the same day. Less husband and wife than lovers, their union proved to them an inexhaustible source of pleasures. In an age in which men think they wrong themselves in loving their wives, Damon's affection was at first turned into ridicule, and a thousand insipid jokes were afterwards cut upon it. He stood them, and a general esteem succeeded the ill-placed raillery: such is the usual effect of virtue. Damon was ever after looked upon as the model of lovers and of husbands.



THE
CHRISTMAS PIE.

A COMIC

T A L E.

NEAR *Bedford* town, of antient fame,
A red-hair'd plowman, *Dick* by
name,

Long liv'd, and long had been in love
With *Kate* the cook-maid of the *Grove*.

At length impatient of delay,

He bids her fix the nuptial day;

The blushing nymph o'erspread with
grease,

Cries, e'en, dear *Richard*, when you
please.

She said—in raptures, *Richard* flies

To kiss the maid, and warmly cries,

Had you but said as much before—

When now *Kate's* master op'd the door?

For shame, quoth she, then rakes the fire,

Richard keep off, d'ye see the squire.

B. 6.

Dick

But

But

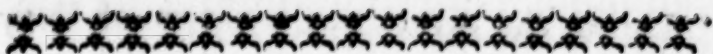
But judgment not to form in haste,
 Permission begs that he might taste.
Dick tasted, and the taste approv'd,
 Then doubted which he better lov'd.
 Women, 'tis said, are good, he cries,
 But are they half so good as pies ?
 To fix resolve he strove in vain,
 So wisely ask'd to taste again.
 Again he tastes, again approves,
 Nor longer doubts which best he loves :
 The trial's past, the conflict's over,
 And *Kitty* triumphs now no more ;
 But fearing lest the slighted maid
 Might lay the ladle o'er his head,
 He turns to the squire and makes reply,
 Sir, if you please, I'll take the *Pie*.
 The pie! the squire repeats aloud,
 Well chosen, *Dick*, the pie was good.
 At this enrag'd, the furious cook
 Fast hold her pow'ful rival took ;
Dick knew her strength, and bravely
 try'd
 To hold as fast the other side :
 Each pull'd, nor pull'd at last in vain,
 For oh! the platter split in twain.
Dick mad at this so sad disaster,
 Now d——d the wench, and now her
 master ;

Stamp'd,

Stamp'd, swore aloud, and curst his fate,
Then view'd the pie—and scratch'd his
pate.

But when he saw the luscious grease,
The fat and plumbs o'erspread the place;
To save it from the jaws of *Tray*,
Whose liquorish chops were fast at play;
In haste he kneels upon the floor,
And murmuring calls his *Kitty* whore.
The angry nymph enrag'd anew,
With all her force at *Richard* flew,
The squire well pleas'd, stood laughing by,
And cried, O *Dick*, you've spoiled the pie.
He turn'd his head, and 'gain to rise,
When oh! too fatal to his eyes,
Kate to compleat his dire disgrace,
With pie all o'er besmeared his face.
Tray, willing not a bit to loose,
Seizes fast hold his plaister'd nose;
Dick now began aloud to roar,
And drives directly to the door,
Nor sees the spatter'd *Pie*, nor angry
Kitty more.

YOUTH,



YOUTH, LOVE, AND OLD AGE.

A V I S I O N.

To C L O E.

MADAM;

‘ S I N C E my waking thoughts have
 ‘ never been able to influence you in
 ‘ my favour, I am resolved to try whe-
 ‘ ther my dreams can make any impres-
 ‘ sion on you. To this end I shall give
 ‘ you an account of a very odd one which
 ‘ my fancy presented to me last night,
 ‘ within a few hours after I left you.

‘ Methought I was unaccountably con-
 ‘ veyed into the most delicious place mine
 ‘ eyes ever beheld: it was a large valley
 ‘ divided by a river of the purest water I
 ‘ had ever seen. The ground on each
 ‘ side of it rose by an easy ascent, and was
 ‘ covered with flowers of an infinite vari-
 ‘ ety, which as they were reflected in the
 ‘ water, doubled the beauties of this place,
 ‘ or rather formed an imaginary scene
 ‘ more

' more beautiful than the real. On each
 ' side of the river was a range of lotty
 ' trees, whose boughs were loaded with
 ' almost as many birds as leaves. Every
 ' tree was full of harmony.

' I had not gone far in this pleasant
 ' valley, when I perceived that it was ter-
 ' minated by a most magnificent temple.
 ' The structure was antient and regular.
 ' On the top of it was figured the god
 ' Saturn, in the same shape and dress that
 ' the poets usually represent Time.

' As I was advancing to satisfy my cu-
 ' riosity by a nearer view, I was stopped
 ' by an object far more beautiful than a-
 ' ny I had before discovered in the whole
 ' place. I fancy, Madam, you will easi-
 ' ly guess that this could hardly be any
 ' thing but yourself; in reality it was so;
 ' you lay extended on the flowers by the
 ' side of the river, so that your hands,
 ' which were thrown in a negligent pos-
 ' ture, almost touched the water. Your
 ' eyes were closed; but if your sleep de-
 ' prived me of the satisfaction of seeing
 ' them, it left me at leisure to contem-
 ' plate several other charms, which disap-
 ' pear when your eyes are open. I could
 ' not but admire the tranquillity you
 ' slept

‘ slept in, especially when I considered
 ‘ the uneasiness you produce in so many
 ‘ others.

‘ While I was wholly taken up in these
 ‘ reflexions, the doors of the temple flew
 ‘ open, with a very great noise; and lift-
 ‘ ing up mine eyes, I saw two figures, in
 ‘ human shape, coming into the valley.
 ‘ Upon a nearer survey, I found them to
 ‘ be Youth and Love. The first was in-
 ‘ circled with a kind of purple light, that
 ‘ spread a glory over all the place; the
 ‘ other held a flaming torch in his hand.
 ‘ I could observe, that all the way as they
 ‘ came towards us, the colours of the
 ‘ flowers appeared more lively, the trees
 ‘ shot out in blossoms, the birds threw
 ‘ themselves into pairs, and serenaded them
 ‘ as they passed: the whole face of nature
 ‘ glowed with new beauties. They were
 ‘ no sooner arrived at the place where
 ‘ you lay, than they seated themselves
 ‘ on each side of you. On their ap-
 ‘ proach, methought I saw a new bloom
 ‘ arise in your face, and new charms dis-
 ‘ fuse themselves over your whole per-
 ‘ son. You appeared more than mortal;
 ‘ but, to my great surprise, continued fast
 ‘ asleep,

‘ asleep, though the two deities made several gentle efforts to awaken you.

‘ After a short time, Youth (displaying a pair of wings, which I had not before taken notice of) flew off. Love still remained, and holding the torch which he had in his hand before your face, you still appeared as beautiful as ever. The glaring of the light in your eyes at length awakened you; when, to my great surprise, instead of acknowledging the favour of the deity, you frowned upon him, and struck the torch out of his hand, into the river. The god, after having regarded you with a look that spoke at once his pity and displeasure, flew away. Immediately a kind of gloom overspread the whole place. At the same time I saw an hideous spectre enter at one end of the valley. His eyes were sunk in his head, his face was pale and withered, and his skin puckered up in wrinkles. As he walked on the sides of the bank, the river froze, the flowers faded, the trees shed their blossoms, the birds dropped from off the boughs, and fell dead at his feet. By these marks I knew him

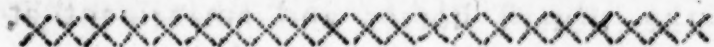
‘ to

' to be Old-age. You were seized with
 ' the utmost horror and amazement at
 ' his approach. You endeavoured to
 ' have fled, but the phantom caught
 ' you in his arms. You may easily
 ' guess at the change you suffered in
 ' this embrace. For my own part,
 ' though I am still too full of the
 ' dreadful idea, I will not shock you
 ' with a description of it. I was so
 ' startled at the sight, that my sleep
 ' immediately left me, and I found my-
 ' self awake, at leisure to consider of a
 ' dream which seems too extraordinary to
 ' be without a meaning. I am, Madam,
 ' with the greatest passion,

Your most obedient,

most humble servant, &c.'

T H E



T H E
F A T A L E F F E C T S
O F
G A M I N G .

IN one of the principal cities in England lived Lucius and Sapphira, blessed with a moderate fortune, health, love, peace of mind, and two little darlings, a son and a daughter. They seemed to want for nothing as an addition to their happiness, nor were they insensible of what they enjoyed ; but with gratitude to heaven were instruments of good to all about them. Towards the close of last summer, Lucius happening to be in company with some neighbouring gentlemen, who proposed to waste an hour or so at cards, he consented more in complaisance to others taste than his own : like other sports-
ters he met with a variety of fortune, (a
variety

variety more seducing than a continuance either of good or bad) and warmed with liquor, he was inconsiderately drawn in before the company broke up to involve himself more than his fortune could bear. The next day, on sober reflection, he could not support the thoughts of the distress his folly had brought on his Sapphira and her little innocents; he had not courage to acquaint her with what happened; and whilst in the midst of pangs he had hitherto been a stranger to, he was visited, and again tempted by one of the last night's company to try fortune once more. In order to drown reflection, and in hopes of recovering his loss, he flew to the fatal place, nor did he leave it till he had lost his all. The consequence of which was, that the next day, in despair indescribable, after writing a letter to acquaint Sapphira with what had happened, he shot himself through the head; the news of which deprived Sapphira of her senses: she is at present confined in a mad-house, and the two little innocents, destitute of parents and fortune, have a troublesome world to struggle through, and are likely to feel all the miseries that poverty,

poverty, and a servile dependence entail on the wretched.

A young lady who lived in the North, was on the point of marriage with a young gentleman whom she was doatingly fond of, and by whom she was as greatly beloved: she was at the same time admired by a person of high rank, but whose passion, as he was already married, was consequently dishonourable. He was determined however, at any rate, to indulge his vicious flame; but as she was a person of the strictest honour, he was obliged to act cautiously, and keep his love a secret. Knowing her propensity to gaming, he laid a snare for her into which she fell, to the great diminution of her fortune. This he took care to have represented with the most aggravating circumstances to the gentleman to whom she was engaged. His friends painted to him the dreadful inconveniences of his taking a gamester to wife; poverty, disease, and probably dishonour to his bed were the likely consequences: in a word, they managed matters so as to break off the match. The villain who occasioned the breach between the lovers, notwithstanding missed his wicked ends;
his

CONNOISSEUR TAKEN-IN.

And its black beauties quite ador'd.

"By

“ By G—d, a *Rembrandt*!—Z—ds, how
“ *mellow*!

“ Ay, ay,—He never had his fellow.

“ What *keeping* there!—What *taste* is
“ here!

“ The *lights* how *bright*! the *shades* how
“ *clear*!

“ How nice the *touch*!—the *hue* how
“ *fine*!

“ And then th’ *effects*—immense! divine!”

When he had peep’d at ev’ry part,
And run thro’ all the terms of art,
Which parrot-like, he’d got by heart, }
He *bid* away, and in a trice
Secur’d it at a monstrous price.
Charm’d with his bargain, home he
hies,

But, oh! how vast was his surprize,
To find, upon a closer view,
That, spite of *keeping*, *taste* and *hue*, }
His friend TOM BRUSH the picture
drew. }

T H E
W A T E R O F F O L L Y.
A N
O R I E N T A L T A L E.

THE sage Aboul-casem, having discovered by his skill in astrology, that all the water of the town where he dwelt would fall the next year under the influence of such a strange planet, that whoever drank of it would become foolish; resolved to exempt himself from the common disaster, and proposed great pleasure and honour from being the only wise man in the town. Accordingly he provided a reservoir, which he filled with a sufficient quantity of the present year's water, that he might be in no necessity of drinking that of the fatal year. This prediction was at length verified, and the first appearances of the universal folly gave him great delight; but folly not being of a nature to amuse long, he soon grew weary of so inhuman a pleasure. He soon found himself deprived of all the joys and conveniences of society. No creature could

C

give

give a reasonable answer. He asked one what o'clock it was, who told him that corn was at two sequins a-bushel. He enquired what news of another; who answered, that salt was an excellent thing to butter fish with. He tried others, and found their replies equally remote from the question, which made him almost as mad as the water had made them. Yet he observed, that all lived easy and sociable with one another, and perfectly well satisfied with their own condition. Tired at length with the solitary state to which his singular wisdom had reduced him, he renounced the sublime advantages of it, in order to partake of the common happiness, drank the water, and mingled with the fools.



T H E
G E N E R O U S H U S B A N D :
O R, T H E
A M O U R S O F A R A B E L L A.

THE first impressions that love makes on us are the strongest, nor can they be removed by the commands of parents, interest, or prudence: how unhappy then are those ladies, who, for the alliance of families, titles, or private views, are torn from the arms of those they love, to be married by mercenary fathers to men they can scarce endure. Clerimont, a gentleman of fortune, loved a lady, beautiful, young, and rich: their loves seemed so much the more happy, because it was approved of by their parents, who designed to marry them. Arabella, for such was the lady's name, looked on Clerimont as her husband, and gave herself therefore a liberty to indulge a passion which she thought it her duty to increase; Clerimont was as fond of his

Arabella, and flattered himself with the greatest happiness in living with a woman whose love was mutual. While the writings for the marriage were drawing, the young lady went to one of the theatres to see a favourite play ; in the middle or the first act, Cleanthes, a young nobleman of the first rank, came into the same box where Arabella sat : her mein, her charms, and her wit, raised in him a sudden passion, he knew not how to account for : He gazed, he sighed, he loved. When the play was over, he conducted her through the crowd to her chair, and was agreeably surprized, when he saw her servant, to find it the livery of a gentleman he was very well acquainted with. The next morning he waited on Arabella's father, and enquired after his new charmer : and as soon as he heard it was his daughter, he made proposals for marrying her. The old gentleman, when he was recovered from his surprize, and found the young nobleman serious in his demands, thought the match too advantageous not to be made up as soon as possible ; they agreed to have her jointure settled that afternoon ; the marriage consummated the next morning. Cleanthes
would

would fain have seen the lady: but her father said, it was not so proper, till he had acquainted her with his intentions. Cleanthes hurried to his lawyer to give instructions for the settlements; and the old gentleman sent for Arabella, to inform her of his new engagement: But what words can describe her wonder, and the various effects of love, grief and despair, whilst she received the charge of giving the next morning her hand in marriage to a lover she knew nothing of. In vain were all her tears, prayers and intreaties; no reproaches of injustice to Clerimont, no argument of future misery to herself, nor all the soft persuasions of paternal love could set aside the prevailing arguments of grandeur, title and riches. Her father was severe, and would be obeyed, and haughtily urged, that it was nothing but her duty to comply: he threatned her with violence, if she resisted his will, and with an imperious command, left her in all the anguish of a desperate maiden. Scarce had she recovered her senses, when she found means to send this news to her Clerimont's lodgings; but he was unhappily gone for a day or two to a country-house he had in a neighbouring village, to

order some repairs for the better reception of Arabella. The next morning, which was to bring her misery and a husband, arrives, after a night spent in tears, hopes and despair: her father enters her chamber, renews his reasons of interest, power and wealth, but finds her still inflexible. As he knew nothing could move her, but persuading her it was her duty; he threatened her with the heaviest curses in case of disobedience. In fine, amidst the horrors of such a guilt, amidst the tender thoughts of Clerimont, and the fears of a father's curse, she suffered herself to be dragged to the altar, perceiving it impossible to avoid the sacrifice. After the ceremony she was conducted to her lord's house, where, if pomp, titles and riches, could give happiness with a man she did not love, none could be more happy than Arabella; but in the publick joy she seemed discontented, and broken sighs, and dejected looks, betrayed the inward sorrow of her heart. Clerimont heard the next day of Arabella's marriage: and after being informed of the particulars, he could not bear to continue in London, but took post-horses immediately for Paris under all the grief a disappointed lover could bear.

bear. Arabella's husband was good humoured, complaisant, and passionately fond of her; preventing every wish by giving her every thing she could desire: but love is very unjust; she could only repay the tenderness of her husband with a cold indifference; which he perceived, and was sensibly affected, though he knew not she loved any other person. He continued his earnest endeavours to please, but without any success. At this time, a friend of his arrived from Paris, and told him, without any design, of the former love of Arabella and Clerimont. He was thunderstruck with the news, and never enquired more into the cause of her coldness to him: he was convinced of her virtue, as she was strict in her behaviour, cautious of her company, regular in her family, shewing great respect to him, but no tenderness; and he saw with grief, it was her good sense only, not her inclination, which made her dutiful to him. He admired her conduct, but complained of his own bad fortune. Among other solitary amusements, Arabella used to divert her melancholy in designing landscapes, which she did to perfection: in all her designs, (her passions and thoughts

being still fixed on Clerimont) you might find that unhappy lover ; sometimes as a despairing shepherd under the covert of a willow ; sometimes as a gay roving swain among a troop of country lasses ; just as her hope or fear dictated. Cleanthes, having often seen Clerimont in publick places, and knowing his person, felt inexpressible anguish to see the heart of his wife so sensibly affected towards his rival ; but he was quite overwhelmed with grief, when he saw her hang these pictures by her bedside, that so her lover might be the first object that appeared to her when she awaked ; and one morning while her husband, who deserved the utmost pity, seemed to be fast asleep, he was so unhappy as to hear her sigh, as she looked on those land skips, and in a passionate tone cry out, My dear, dear Clerimont !——

But even this declaration moved not Cleanthes to shew any resentment, but if possible he redoubled his tenderness, hoping that might wean her from a passion so ill placed. Almost two years he spent in this condition, without being able to change in the least the heart of his Arabella ; when despairing of her love, he resolved to make a campaign in Flanders ;

where,

where, in a desperate attempt which he had voluntarily undertaken, according to his wishes, he received two mortal wounds. He was carried to his tent, where, finding some strength remaining, he called for pen and paper, and wrote the following letter to her.

“ My dear Arabella,

“ I would have said wife, had I not
 “ been convinced that name is hateful to
 “ you: as this is the last letter you will
 “ ever receive from me, I must testify in
 “ it my grief, for having been the occasion
 “ of the misery I am sensible you felt in
 “ your losing Clerimont: but had I known,
 “ my Arabella, your heart had been pre-
 “ engaged, I would not have parted you
 “ from the man you so tenderly loved, to
 “ have joined you to a husband you could
 “ never endure. That I loved you, by
 “ my actions you may be satisfied; but
 “ should any doubt remain, think what I
 “ must have felt, rather than give you any
 “ uneasiness in reproaching when I have
 “ beheld the happy Clerimont in every
 “ room, nay by your bedside, to be the
 “ object of your wishes. When I have
 “ heard you sigh for him, and passionate-

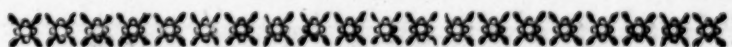
" ly call for him—This I silently suffered
 " I saw you indulge a passion you should
 " have strove to stifle.—I wished you
 " could have loved me, but wished in
 " vain : I am now within a few moments
 " of death ; and in these last words I de-
 " sire that no unhappy remembrance of
 " what is past may ever disturb the plea-
 " sure which you will soon be at liberty
 " to enjoy with your Clerimont.—
 " Could you have loved me, we both
 " might have been happy ; but your first
 " love had made too strong an impression
 " to be erased. You may be happy with
 " Clerimont, but can never have a more
 " loving husband than

" Your expiring

" CLEANTHES."

The news of Cleanthes's death, accom-
 panied with this letter, flung her into an
 extreme grief ; but when his body was
 brought home from the army, to be inter-
 red with his ancestors, she would have sa-
 crificed herself, that she might give him
 her life, because she did not give him her
 heart. As soon as she called to her mind
 the love, merit and tenderness of her hus-
 band, with reproaches on her stars, her
 love,

love, and her father, she flung herself into all the agonies of rage and madness. So violent a state brought on a burning fever, which in a few days terminated in the death of a woman, who died unhappily for being married to the man she could not love, and who might have lived happy with the man she did.



NANCY OF THE VALE.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With ev'ry pleasing ray ;
 And flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry heats of day ;

When from an hazle's artless bower
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung ;

“ Let fops with fickle falshood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove ;

But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair Esham's dale!
 And ev'ry blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams;
 And ev'ry shining glance display'd
 The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
 That float on Avon's tide;
 Bright as the water lily, sprung,
 And glittering near its side:

Fresh as the bord'ring flow'rs, her bloom;
 Her eye all mild to view;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and fair;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were.

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found:
 And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.

That

That Nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a nymph so sweet !
 Or Fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wand'ring feet !

Gay lordings sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline :
 " Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
 " As I will prove to mine.

" 'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
 " Has won my right good will ;
 " To him I gave my plighted vow,
 " With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair ;
 To her alone I gave my youth,
 And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I those charms forego ;
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.



T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
T O M W I L D A I R.

T O M W I L D A I R was a student of the Inner-Temple, and had spent his time, since he left the university for that place, in common diversions of men of fashion; that is to say, in whoring, drinking and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the last by the conversation of a partizan of the Myrmidons, who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of sense, but as scanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent losses had reduced him to so necessitous a condition, that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors, and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to support himself in a way of life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means to

to proceed. There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epistles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleasures, the distresses and entertainments, in which his son passed his time. The old fellow received these advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently consulted his pillow to know how to behave himself on such important occasions, as the welfare of his son, and the safety of his fortune. After many agitations of mind, he reflected, that necessity was the usual snare which made men fall into meanness; and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal mind; he resolved therefore to save him from his ruin, by giving him opportunities of knowing what it is to be at ease, and inclosed to him the following order upon Sir Tristram Cash.

“ S I R,

“ P R A Y pay to Mr. Tho. Wildair, or

“ order, the sum of one thousand

“ pounds, and place it to the account

“ of, yours,

“ H U M P H R Y W I L D A I R . ”

Tom

Tom was so astonished at the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large sums at Sir Tristram's; yet a thousand pounds was a trust of which his conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his note by him, till he wrote to his father the following letter.

“ Honoured Father,

“ **I** Have received an order under your
 “ hand for a thousand pounds, in
 “ words at length, and I think I could
 “ swear it is your hand. I have looked
 “ it over twenty thousand times. There
 “ is in plain letters, T, H, O, U, S, A, N, D;
 “ and after it the letters, P, O, U, N, D, S. I
 “ have it still by me, and shall, I believe,
 “ continue reading it till I hear from you.”

The old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of this letter; but sent him another order for three thousand pounds more. His amazement on this letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-locked his door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them till he was half mad, he walked six or seven
 turns

turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again, and to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs against it; then goes into his closet, and locking himself in, read his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his astonishment. Soon after he began to recollect many stories he had formerly heard of persons who had been possessed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with a sudden madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and with a design to compose himself he immediately betakes himself to his nightcap, with a resolution to sleep himself into his former poverty and senses. To bed therefore he goes at noon-day, but soon rose again, and resolved to visit Sir Tristram upon this occasion. He did so, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention some advice from his father about paying his money; but no such thing being said, "Look ye, Sir Tristram (said he) you are to know, that an affair has happened, which"—— "Look ye (says Sir Tristram) I know, Mr. Wildair,

' Wildair, you are going to desire me to
 ' advance; but the late call of the bank,
 ' where I have not yet made up my last
 ' payments, has obliged me'—Tom in-
 terrupted him by shewing him the bill for
 a thousand pounds. When he had look-
 ed at it for a convenient time, and as often
 surveyed Tom's looks and countenance;
 look you, Mr. Wildair, a thousand
 pounds——Before he could proceed, he
 shewed him the order for three thousand
 more.—Sir Tristram examined the orders
 at the light, and finding at the writing
 the name, there was a certain stroke in
 one letter, which the father and he had
 agreed should be, to such directions as he
 desired might be more immediately honour-
 ed, he forthwith pays the money. The
 possession of four thousand pounds gave
 my young gentleman a new train of
 thoughts: He began to reflect upon his
 birth, the great expectations he was born
 to, and the unsuitable ways he had long
 pursued. Instead of that unthinking crea-
 ture he was before, he is now provident,
 generous, and discreet. The father and
 son hold an exact and regular correspon-
 dence, with mutual and unreserved confi-
 dence in each other. The son looks upon
 his

his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds his son the most safe banker he could have in the city.



E D W I N

A N D

A N G E L I N A.

DEIGN, faint-like tenant of the dale,
To guide my nightly way
To yonder fire that cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here, deserted, as I tread
With fainting steps and flow,
The wild, immeasurable spread,
Seems lengthening as I go.

Forbear, my son, the sage replies,
To tempt the lonely gloom,
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still,

And

And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to night, and freely share,
Whate'er my cell bestows,
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks, that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

Then trav'ler turn, thy cares forego,
For earth-born cares are wrong;
"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell,
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to th' unshelter'd poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care,
But th' door, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trim'd his pleasant fire,
And cheer'd his penfive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest and smil'd,
And, skil'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

While round, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing mindful could assuage
The penfive stranger's woe,
For grief had seiz'd his early age,
And tears would often flow.

His

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd;
And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
The sorrows of thy breast?

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove,
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling and decay;
And those who prize the paultry things,
More trifling still than they.

Say, what is friendship? but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep:
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.

And what is love? an empty sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex, he said;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd he sees new beauty rise
Expanding to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms ;
The lovely stranger stands confess
A maid in all her charms.

And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A thing forlorn, she cry'd,
Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heav'n and you reside.

Forgive, and let thy piteous care
A heart's distress allay,
That seeks repose, but finds despair
Companion of the way.

My father liv'd, of high degree
Remote beside the Tyne,
And as he had but only me,
His opulence was mine.

To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Their chief pretence my flatter'd charms,
My wealth perhaps their aim.

Each

Each hour the mercenary crowd
 With glitt'ring proffers strove ;
 Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 Who offered only love.

In humble simplest habit clad,
 No wealth or power had he ;
 Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 But these were all to me.

Whene'er he spoke amidst the train,
 How would my heart attend !
 And still delighted e'en to pain,
 How sigh for such a friend !

And when a little rest I sought
 In sleep's refreshing arms,
 How have I mended what he taught,
 And lent him fancied charms !

Yet still and hapless be the hour,
 I spurn'd him from my side,
 And still with ill-dissembled power
 Repaid his love with pride.

Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to deplore,
 And sought a solitude forlorn,
 And ne'er was heard of more.

The

Then since he perish'd by my fault,
 This pilgrimage I pay,
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.

And there in shelt'ring thicket hid,
 I'll linger till I die ;
 'Twas thus for me my lover did,
 And so for him will I.

Thou shalt not thus, the hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast:
 Th' astonish'd fair-one turn'd to chide ;
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

For now no longer could he hide
 What first to hide he strove ;
 His looks resume their youthful pride,
 And flush with honest love.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 My charmer, turn to see
 Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
 Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And every care resign,
 And we shall never, never part,
 O thou! my all that's mine.

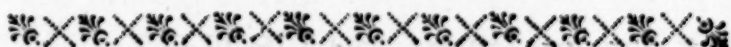
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No,

No, never from this hour to part,
 Our love shall still be new,
 And the last sigh that rends thy heart
 Shall break thy Edwin's too.

Here amidst streams and bow'rs we'll rove,
 From lawn to woodland stray,
 Blest as the songsters of the grove,
 And innocent as they.

To all that want, and all that wail,
 Our pity shall be given,
 And when this life of love shall fail,
 We'll love it o'er in heav'n.



T H E
 S T O R Y OF TWO S A I L O R S,
 With their Letter to
 K I N G C H A R L E S II.

JA C K O C U M and Tom Splice-
 well, two sailors, who had been some
 time on shore, in the reign of king Charles
 the second, and had spent the produce of
 their last voyage; after a small time, their
 Wapping landlady, who was called mother
 Double-

Double-Score, began not only to look coldly upon them, but also, according to custom, when their money was gone, to behave roughly towards them; and they not being entered again in any service, began now to scheme how they should raise a little money for their present use; and, after several proposals made between them, that still met with some objections, one of them at length said——Zoons! messmate, what think you of a trip or two, for a venture, o'privateering about these coasts a little? In my mind, we might pick up a prize or two, without firing a shot. Ay, replied the other, but suppose we should be taken; will not a court martial hang us for pirates? Zoons! said the other, we must take what care we can not to be taken; and be sure to cruise out of this latitude, lest we should be known by our rigging. And if we should chance to be chased, why we must crowd all the sail that we can, and be sure never to strike as long as we can swim above water.

To be brief, after some little debate, they resolved upon a venture; and out they set, with no other weapons of offence, or defence, than a couple of great broom-

sticks. When they were got into the fields, a little way from town, one of them, seeing a gentleman coming towards them pretty well dressed, says to the other, Damn me, Jack ! this is a prize worth boarding : shall we bring him too ? He seems well rigged and loaded. So he does, replied the other ; and with that, they both made ready for the attack. When the gentleman came to them, they both brandished their weapons ; and he, who was commodore, saluted him as follows : Damn my blood, by boy, but we must have some money with you ! or else, by G—d, you must have a broadside ! The gentleman finding by their arms, manner and language, that they were but young in their business, answered them thus : Well, gentlemen, as you seem to be sailors, and good hearty cocks, do not use me ill, and you shall be welcome to what money I have about me, with all my heart, was it ten times as much. With that, he presented them with about three shillings and sixpence. Here, gentlemen, said he, is all the money I have at present, and I wish it was more for your sakes. The sailors seeing the gentleman so good natured, seemed quite satisfied ; took the money,

money, told him it was enough, and wished him a good voyage. But they had not gone far with their booty, before they were pursued ; for the gentleman telling the adventure just after to some people that he met, the posse was raised ; and, in less than half an hour, one of them was taken ; the other, by some means or other, made his escape. The next sessions at the Old Bailey, my young commodore was convicted of felony, and sentenced to be hanged, though the simplicity of his proceeding made many people sorry for him. After this misfortune, his fellow adventurer was in great perplexity, though he had escaped himself ; for no body had yet enquired or sought after him about it. But Jack resolved to spare no pains ; and, if possible, to save his poor messmate's life. And being one day at the rendezvous, talking about it, with another of their old shipmates, after several methods had been proposed between them, and all fell to the ground, Jack boldly cries—'Sblood, Tom ! I have a good mind to write a letter for him to the king myself. I am told no body else can pardon him ; and I fancy that would be the most likely way to do the business ; only I cannot tell who

to get to carry it, and deliver it to him. Zoons! cries the other, I like your scheme, Jack! and if you can write it, I will go along with you, and we will carry it to him ourselves, and then we shall be sure that he will have it, for I never saw the king in my life. Nor I neither, replies the other; and by G—d, Tom! if you will go with me to him, I will write a letter immediately; the other consenting, Jack called immediately for a pen, ink and paper; but as he was going to begin his polite epistle, a great blotch of ink dropped from his pen, upon the top of his paper. Jack never called for any more; but wiping it with his finger along the sheet, he began, and wrote as follows:

“ An please your kingship,
 “ This is to let you to no, that my
 “ messmate, Tom Splicewell, is condem-
 “ ned to be hanged; for you must no, that
 “ he was foolish enuff to set out a priva-
 “ tearing, without applying to the admi-
 “ ralty forleave; and the first prize he took,
 “ gave sum inteligenſe of his courſe; ſo
 “ that he was chaced by a holy ſquadron,
 “ and ſoon after taken and carried into
 “ port.

" port. However, he's a very honest
 " fello, I assure you, and by G—d, as
 " gode a feman as ever stept between stem
 " and starn. He shall not and splice, reef
 " and handle a sail, stear and rig a ship,
 " with eer a man in the navee, and that's
 " a bould word. And if youle be so
 " kind as to order his discharge, I dare
 " sware he'll never be guilty of such a no-
 " ther cryme, as long as he lives, which
 " will also very much oblyge

" Your humble servant,

" Jack Ocum.

" From the Ship Alehouse

" in Wapping. Witness,

" Thomas Fliplove, shipmate."

When Jack had finished the above let-
 ter, and the other had set his hand to it
 as a proof of his approbation, and the
 truth of its contents, they sealed it up,
 and directed it as follows:

" This for the king

" with speed."

As soon as this was done, without fur-
 ther delay, out they set, to deliver their
 letter as directed; and all the way they
 went, they enquired where the king liv-

ed. At last, when they came into the Strand, near Charing-cross, a gentleman, who was just come from St James's, hearing them enquire so earnestly after the king, and seeing they were sailors, stepped up to them, and demanded thus: Hark ye, my lads, what do ye want with the king, pray? Have you an express for his majesty? An express! no! (answers one of them) we have no express, nor do not know what you mean; but we have got a letter for him, and want to deliver it to him, if we can. What! (replies the gentleman) to the king himself? King himself! ay, to the king himself; (cried the sailor) suppose it was to the lord high admiral; what of that? Why, my lad (replied the gentleman) if it be a thing of consequence, you may very easily see the king, for he is now walking in the Mall; I saw him there within these ten minutes myself—What, Sir, (demands Jack) is he walking there alone? No, replies the gentleman, there are a great many of the nobility and gentry along with him. How may a body know then, cries Jack, which is he? Why, says the gentleman again, the king is a very tall, black man, and you may know him by a star on his left breast,

breast, and a blue ribbon hanging from his neck.

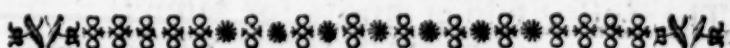
By this time a great number of people were gathered about the sailors; and hearing what had passed betwixt them and the gentleman (as above) after the sailors had thanked him, they proceeded; and the mob resolved to bear them company in their embassy. So that, by that time they were got to the Park, their attendance was encreased to several hundreds. But just as they came to the end of the Mall, they happened to meet a nobleman, who in some measure answered the description which the gentleman had given of the king, being a knight of the garter, with his star and ribbon. Jack no sooner saw him, but he roared out to his companion, by G—d! Tom, here is the king! now for it! So after feeling for the letter, he stepped up to the nobleman, and saluted him thus; Your humble servant, Sir; pray, are you the king? No, friend; (replied his lordship) I am not indeed. Why, pray, do you ask me that question? Nay, Sir, (returned the sailor) I beg your pardon? hope no offence! but I was told just now by a gentleman that saw the king within this half hour, that he is rigged in

much the same trim as you are ; so that I did not know but you might be him. Have you any dispatches for his majesty, demands the nobleman, that you are in such quest of him? Spatches! yes, Sir, quoth Jack, I have ; I have a letter for him ; and must deliver it into his own hand, if I can find him. The nobleman imagining that there might be something more than common in this rencounter, told them, that if they pleased he would go back with them, and not only shew them the king, but would also introduce them to him. Upon which the sailors thanked him for his good will, and away they went together. When they came to about the middle of the Mall, they met his majesty ; and the nobleman going up to him, in a low voice acquainted him with what had passed between him and the sailors ; and pointing to them, desired his majesty would please to permit them to deliver their letter to him. By all means, my lord, replied the king. With that he beckoned the sailors to approach. Here, my lads, said his lordship, this is his majesty, if you have any letter for him, you may now deliver it. Here Jack advanced, with his hand to his hat, but without pulling

pulling it off, and having come pretty near the king, said to him, Pray, Sir, are you the king? Yes, Sir, answered his majesty smiling, I believe so. Then, Sir, says Jack, there is a letter for you, an please you. The king looking hard at the fellow, could not help smiling at his blunt, uncourtly address; but he took the letter from him, and looking upon the superscription, fell a laughing, and shewed it all round to the nobles that attended him. Jack seeing the king look so pleasantly, says to his shipmate, by G—d, Tom, I believe it will do; the king seems in a very good humour. And, when his majesty had read the letter, he delivered it to the nobleman who introduced the sailor to him. Look here, my Lord, says he, read that letter, and learn a new direction. Upon my honour, this fellow has no deceit in him; I dare say it is his own hand writing and his own dictating too. However, this I may say to his credit, that his stile and behaviour are both honest towards me; for he has not troubled me with compliments in the one, nor ceremonies on the other. So, turning to the sailors, he says to him who gave him the letter, well, friend, as this is

his first offence, (upon the account of your kind letter here, you may let your friend know that I will pardon him this time, but let him take care that he never transgresses so again. Ant please you, Sir, (quoth Jack) I dare swear he never will; and if you will take care that he shall not be hanged this time, I am sure Tom's a very honest fellow, and will be very thankful to you. Well, said his majesty, you may assure yourself that he shall not die for this crime; and you may let him know that I shall save his life for the sake of your letter here. Ay, Sir, said the sailor, but how can a body be sure that you will not forget it? Why, replied the king, you may take my word for it I will not forget it. Cause, if you should, quoth Jack, perhaps they may hang him, and you be never the wiser. But if once we could get him a shipboard with us, by the blood! but you must then ask the captain first, or a thousand of you could not hang him. Why then, replied the king, if you will take care, and get him a shipboard as soon as he is at liberty, I will take care he shall be discharged in a very few days. Sir, replied the sailor, I return your kingship a great many thanks; and

I am sure poor Tom will be ready to hang himself for joy, that he is to go on board again; and by the mefs! there is no good to be got staying so long on shore. Then he made the king a low bow, hitched up his trowsers, tacked himself about, and steered off in triumph, that his polite letter had saved his messmate's life. And the story says, that the king and his attendants were no less delighted with the poor sailors embassy, than they were with the success of it.



RURAL HAPPINESS.

HAPPY the man, to whom kind
heav'n

A few paternal fields has giv'n;
Thereon a useful stock to graze,
To guard from want, and live at ease:
A cottage neatly kept and clean,
And by it close a running stream;
A garden join'd, that does afford
Sufficient for its master's board;
Therein a bower where jessamine,
And fragrant honeysuckles join,

With

With artful wreaths, at scorching noon,
T'expel the fury of the sun.

If such my lot, what shou'd I more?
I'd covet not the miser's store;
I wou'd not wish for shining state;
Or view, with envious eyes the great;
Or sigh for splendors of a court,
Where kings themselves are fortune's
sport.

Unmov'd and calm, I'd hear from far
The noise and thunder of the war;
Where, 'midst alarms, and cannons roar,
'Midst dying groans, and seas of gore,
The guilty soldier hunts for fame;
And, stained with blood, acquires a name.
I'd unconcern'd the merchant view
Thro' stormy seas his way pursue,
In search of gain, still wanting more
(Tho' rich enough) t'increase his store.
Exempt from suits, serenely hear
The brawls of the litigious bar;
Where perjur'd gownmen wrest the laws,
And, brib'd, give up the justest cause.

From giddy crowds, and faction freed,
When earn'd, I'd eat my peaceful bread:
Nor shou'd my hand refuse the plough,
Or gather what I did not sow:
Nor wou'd I, undeserving, wear
What from my sheep I did not shear;

All

All labour needful to bestow,
With chearful heart I'd undergo.

Relieved from that, and time to spare,
I now and then would course a hare:
Another time the angler's skill,
A vacant hour or two thou'd fill.
Diversions each, with mod'rate use,
That to a reverend age conduce.

Sometimes to know what happ'd of
yore,
I'd o'er a sage historian pore;
Or else an hour or two I'd spend,
With *Pope*, or some poetick friend;
Each in degree my shelf should grace,
From *Homer* down to *Hudibras*.
On *Sundays* always---once a day---
I'd go to hear the parson pray;
Or from his pulpit make oration,
With now and then---a good quotation;
And if his text he handled nice,
Perhaps I'd go to hear him twice.

Another time, in cheertul mood,
If near my homely dwelling stood
(And that I'd wish) a cot or too,
With a good honest friend, or so,
I wou'd a pleasant ev'ning pass;
Where, free from scandal, o'er a glass,
Or spacious jug of sparkling beer
(To *Burgundy* superior far)

We

We wou'd of various things debate ;
 Or pun, or joke, or tale relate :
 And then anon the subject turn,
 And talk about our own concern ;
 As how our fields we should bestow ;
 Which best for pasture, which for plough :
 What fruit wou'd such an orchard yield ;
 What loads of corn, wou'd such a field.
 That o'er, we'd chat of other things,
 And boldly weigh the fate of kings ;
 And, free from passion, gravely utter
 Our sentiments upon the matter ;
 How far their quarrels bad or good,
 And which the right or wrong pursu'd :
 Or else compare our happy station,
 With those call'd rulers of the nation :
 Who, ign'rant of the happy fate
 That does attend a homely state,
 And placing all their happiness
 In grandeur, poorly sell their peace.
 Thus chat, till each with sleep oppress'd,
 And mod'rate charge, retire to rest.

One thing remains to sweeten life,
 An honest and a careful wife ;
 Who lov'd and loving, soft and kind,
 When gloomy cares wou'd fill my mind,
 Whose sweet endearments wou'd repel
 The fiend, and crush the growing ill :
And,

And, more to blefs the nuptial tye,
 A blooming girl and lufly boy ;
 T'enjoy, when we are dead and gone,
 The little spot we bred them on :
 To clofe our eyes, when ftealing death
 Should rob us of our parting breath ;
 For I this other boon wou'd crave,
 One dart to fend us to our grave.

Nor fhould our lives be only fuch
 As ferve to guard us from reproach ;
 But gracious heav'n this too beftow,
 That thofe might mourn our bier might
 view ;

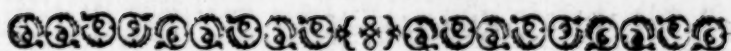
Our paffing knell, with grief might hear ;
 Nor freeze, on pity's cheek, the tear ;
 And let them, when they'd read our
 ftone,

Say, for the little good we'd done--

" Ye happy pair from trouble freed ;

" When living, lov'd, and mourn'd when
 dead."

PA.



P A L A M O N

A N D

A M A S I N A.

GOOD-NATURE has something in it so heavenly, that the more we are possessed of it, the nearer we approach the great author of nature : this, of all the virtues, is that which most finds its reward within itself, and, at the same time, most endears us to society, atoning for almost every other deficiency ; of all the beauties, this attracts the most lasting admiration, gives the greatest charm to every thing we say or do, and renders us amiable in every station, and through every stage of life.

Good-nature is religion too, in the highest meaning of the term ; because it will not suffer us to do by any one what we would not willingly have done to ourselves : and though I am far from thinking, that all those, who have not this happy disposition of mind, are wicked, yet this I venture to affirm, that those, who

who are really possessed of it, never can be so.

It is, certainly, a fiend-like disposition to be pleased with giving pain ; yet, how have I seen some people exult and triumph in their power of doing it ! And, the more disquiet they are capable of spreading, the more considerable they imagine themselves. Ridiculous infatuation of ill-judging pride ! Does not a wasp, or even a common fly, buzzing about one's ears, inflict a temporary uneasiness ? Not the most insignificant reptile that the air or earth affords, but has the power of being vexatious to us for a while, and is the rival of the ill-natured ; who, by being such, but vainly boast of a superior reason.

Persons of this temperament diffuse a gloom wherever they come : no sooner they appear, than conversation is at a stand, mirth is checked, and every one present seems to have caught some share of the infection ; whereas, on the contrary, the sight of one who is known to have good nature, invigorates like the sun, inspires a cheerfulness where it was before wanting, and heightens what it finds.

In

In fact, there would be no such thing as calamity in the world, did every member of this great body behave with any tolerable degree of good-nature and humanity to others. Good-nature is the cement of love and friendship, the band of society, the rich man's pleasure, and the poor man's refuge. Peace, harmony, and joy reign where it subsists, and all is discord and confusion where it is banished.

Palamon and Amasina were married almost too young to know the duties of the state they entered in; yet, both being extremely good-natured, a mutual desire of obliging each other appeared in all their words and actions; and, though this complaisance was not owing to those tender emotions which attract the heart with a resistless force, and bear the name of love, yet were the effects so much the same, as not to be distinguished.

The first year of their marriage made them the happy parents of an heir to a plentiful estate.—The kindred on both sides seemed to vie with each other, which should give the greatest testimonies of their satisfaction. All their friends congratulated this addition to their felicity;
and,

and, for a time, the most perfect joy and tranquillity reigned, not only in their own family, but in all those who had any relation to them.

Amasina, after she became a mother, began to feel, by degrees, a greater warmth of affection for him that made her so; and, having no reason to doubt an equal regard from him, thought herself as happy as a woman could be, and that there were joys in love greater than she had any notion of before.

Quite otherwise was it with Palamon : the time was now indeed arrived, which taught him what it was to love.—The hopes, the fears, the anxieties, the impatiences, all the unnumbered cares, which are attributed to that passion, now took possession of his heart: he pined, he languished, but, alas ! not for his wife. He had, unhappily, seen a young lady at an opera, who had charms for him, which he had never seen in the whole sex before. As he happened to sit in the same box with her, he had frequently an opportunity of speaking to her ; and, though only on ordinary subjects, every answer she made to what he said, seemed to him to discover a profusion of wit, and gave him
the

the most longing desire to be acquainted with her.

Fortune, favourable to his wishes, presented her to him, the next day, in one of the publick walks, accompanied with a lady and gentleman, the latter of whom he had a slight knowledge of. He joined company with them; and, perceiving it was to the other lady that the gentleman seemed most attached, he was at the greater liberty to say a thousand gallant things to her, who was now the object of his wishes.

Belinda, who was in all respects one of the modern modish ladies, received the compliments he made her, in a manner which convinced him his conversation was not disagreeable to her; and, some mention happening to be made of a masquerade that night, she told him, that both she and her fair companion intended to be there, and were then going to bespeak habits for that purpose.

This hint was not lost upon Palamon: He followed them at a distance; and, when the ladies had left the shop, he went in, under pretence of hiring a domino for himself; and, finding the woman behind the counter was no stranger to the ladies, he

he easily prevailed on her to let him know, not only what habits they had bespoken, but also of what condition and character they were.—She informed him, that Belinda had a large fortune, and, her parents being dead, she was under the care of guardians, though she did not live with them, but had lodgings herself in an adjacent street.

Palamon was transported at this intelligence, as it seemed to promise him an easy access to her acquaintance, and privilege of visiting her ; which, probably, in those early days of his passion, was all he aimed at. His impatience, however, carried him very early to the masquerade, that he might have an opportunity of examining every one that came in. He soon discovered her, and was not long in convincing her, that he was the gentleman, who had made her so many compliments in the morning ; which greatly flattered her vanity. She listened attentively to the assurances he gave her of his passion, and frequently let fall some words, as if they had escaped her unadvertently, that might make him think she would not be ungrateful, if he persisted in giving her testimonies of a constant flame.

Palamon

Palamon was transported to find the offer he had made her of his heart so well received; and made so good use of the opportunity she gave him of entertaining her the whole time of the masquerade, that he obtained her permission to attend her home, and, as it was then too late for them to continue their conversation, to visit her the next day in the afternoon.

Belinda, it is probable, had indeed no other view in entertaining Palamon, and receiving his addresses, than merely for the sake of hearing herself praised, and giving pain, as she imagined, to others of her admirers, who were less frequently admitted. But, how dangerous a thing it is to have too great an intimacy with a person of a different sex, too many, of a greater share of discretion than Belinda, have experienced.—This unwary lady, in meditating new arts to captivate her lover, became ensnared herself. In short, Palamon had as ample a gratification of his desires, as his most sanguine hopes could have presented him an idea of.

Amasina, all this while, lost ground in his affection;—she every day seemed less fair, and whatever she said, or did, had in it a kind of awkwardness, which, before,

fore, he was far from discovering in her ; every thing was now displeasing in her ; if endearing, her fondness was childish and silly ; and if more reserved, she was sullen and ill-natured. One moment he was out of humour, if she spoke, and the next, offended at her silence. He was continually seeking some pretence to find fault with the most justifiable conduct that ever was, and even vexed, when he had nothing in reality to condemn.— Unhappy but certain consequences of a new attachment ! which, not content with the injury it does, also adds to it by ill humour, and a wish for some occasion to hate the object we no longer love.

The poor lady could not help observing this alteration in his behaviour ; but as she was far from guessing the real motive, imputed it to some unlucky turn in his affairs, though of what nature she could not imagine, having had a large fortune settled on them at their marriage, besides the reversion of what his father should die possessed of, which nobody could take from him.

For more than a whole year did she combat his ill humour with sweetness, gentleness, and the most obliging behavi-

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our ;

our; and, though she began to think herself lost to his affection, bore even that afflicting reflection with the most submissive patience, still flattering herself, that if it were even so, he would one day reflect, that she did not deserve her ill fortune.

Jealousy was, however, a passion she was wholly unacquainted with: many beautiful ladies frequently visited at her house, and she had never seen the least propensity in him to gallantry with any of them; so that she rather imagined a disgust to the whole sex was growing on him, than any particular attachment to one.

Thus did her innocence and unsuspecting nature deceive her, till one day a female friend more busy than wise, opened her eyes to the true reason of her husband's coldness. This lady, by means of a maid-servant she had lately entertained, and who had lived with Belinda long enough to know the whole secret of her amour with Palamon, and was dismissed on some dislike, was made acquainted with all that passed between that guilty pair. She learned, from this unfaithful creature, that Belinda had been made a
mother

mother by Palamon; and that the child was disposed of to a person who, for a present of fifty guineas, had taken the sole charge of it, so as it should never appear to the disgrace of the unnatural parents. Not the most minute circumstance, relating to this affair, but was betrayed by this wretch, partly in revenge for having been discarded by her former lady, and partly to gain the favour of the present, who, she easily perceived, loved to hear news of this kind.

Amasina would fain have treated this account as fabulous, and have perswaded her friend to regard it only as a piece of malice in the reporter; but the other was positive in her assertion, and told her, that it was utterly impossible for such a creature to dress up a fiction with so many particulars, and such a show of truth.—“Besides (added she) if there were nothing in it, we might easily disprove all she has said, by going to the woman who has the care of the child, and whose name and place of abode she has told me.”

Compelled at last to believe her misfortune but too certain, a while she gave loose to tears and to complainings, but her good sense, as well as good nature,

soon got the better of her gust of passion; and, when her friend asked her, in what manner she would proceed, in order to do herself justice?—"What can I do (replied this charming wife) but endeavour to render myself more obliging, more pleasant, and more engaging, if possible, than my rival; and make Palamon see, he can find nothing in Belinda, that is wanting in me?"

"O heav'n! cried the lady, can you forgive such an injury!"—"Yes, resumed Amasina, stifling her sighs as much as she was able, love is an involuntary passion."—"And will you not upbraid him with his ingratitude, and expose Belinda?" said she.—"Neither the one nor the other, answered Amasina coldly; either of these methods would indeed render me unworthy of a return of his affection; and I conjure and beseech you, added she, by all the friendship I flatter myself you have for me, that you will never make the least mention of this affair to any one in the world."

This moderation was astonishing to the person who was a witness of it: however, she promised to be intirely silent, since it was requested with so much earnestness;

but,

but, how little she was capable of keeping her word, most of her acquaintance could testify, to whom not only the fault of Palamon, but the manner in which his wife received the account of it, was not three days a secret.

Amasina was no sooner left alone, and at liberty to meditate more deeply on the shocking intelligence she had received, that she again began to fancy there was a possibility of its being false: the suspense, however, seemed more uneasy to her, than the confirmation could be, and she resolved to be more fully convinced of the truth, if there was any means of being so.

Accordingly, she made an old woman, who had been her nurse in her infancy, and whose fidelity and discretion she could depend upon, her confidante in this affair; and it was concluded between them, that a spy should be employed to follow Palamon at a distance wherever he went, and also to make a private inquiry into the behaviour and character of Belinda, amongst those who lived near her.

A very little search served to unravel the mystery, and corroborate all Amasina had

heard concerning it.—The emiffary soon learned, that Palamon daily vifited this engroffer of his heart; that they were often feen to go out together in a hackney-coach in the evening, and that the lady rarely returned before morning; that ſhe had been obſerved, ſome months paſt, to be more grofs than uſual, and had affected to wear a looſe drefs; that ſhe had been abſent from her lodgings three or four days, came home very much indiſpoſed, and kept her bed for more than a week, yet had neither phyſician nor apothecary to attend her; and, on the whole, it was believed by every body, that ſhe had been, during that time, delivered of a child.

The unhappy wife of Palamon, now as much affured of his perfidy as ſhe could be without ocular demonſtration, determined to bear it with as much patience as ſhe was able; which was indeed ſufficient to render her behaviour ſuch, as made him certain in his own mind, that ſhe had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of the wrong he did her; and alſo compelled him very often to accuſe himſelf for being guilty of what he could not answer to his
reaſon,

reason, though he had not resolution enough to abandon Belinda, notwithstanding the levity of her conduct discovered the difference between a mistress and a wife.

Whenever Amasina reflected on this change in her husband, as she had little else in her mind, there was no part in the adventure appeared more strange to her, than that a lady, born and educated in the manner she knew Belinda was, and who had so far yielded to the temptations of her passion, as to throw off all modesty and honour for the gratification of it, should have so little regard for her innocent child, as to abandon it to miseries she knew not of what kind. This was a barbarity, she thought, exceeded the crime to which it owed its birth, and she more readily forgave the injury done to herself, than that to the helpless infant.

The more she reflected, the more she was astonished, that a woman should act so contrary to nature; and, by often picturing to herself the woes, to which this poor deserted child might be probably exposed, became at length so dissolved in soft compassion, as to form a resolution,

which few besides herself were capable of.

She had been informed, by her officious friend, both of the name and habitation of the woman with whom this poor little creature had been left; and, without making any person privy to her design, muffled herself up in her capuchin, and went in an hackney chair to her house. The woman received her with a great deal of respect and kindness, imagining she was come on the same business as Belinda and many others, who love the crime, but hate the shame of being detected in it, had done. She was immediately conducted into a private room, and told, that she might be free in communicating any thing to her, for she was a person who had been intrusted by those who would not be thought guilty of a false step for the world.

The virtuous Amasina blushed at being suspected by this woman to be guilty of an act, her soul shuddered at the thoughts another could commit, and soon put an end to the harangues she was making on her own care, skill, and fidelity:—"I come not, said the wife of Palamon, on the business you seem to think, yet which

no less requires your secrecy ;—I have no unhappy infant to leave with you, but am come to ease you of one you have lately taken charge of.”

The midwife looked very much surprised to hear her speak in this manner, and knew not well what answer to make ; but Amasina put an end to her suspense, by telling her, that she was in the secret of a lady, who was delivered of a child at her house such a time (which she mentioned exactly to her) and who had given fifty guineas to be eased for ever of the trouble of it —“ I am, said Amasina, a near relation of that gentleman to whom the little wretch owes its being, and who cannot consent, that any thing which does so, though begot in an unwarrantable way, should be deserted and exposed in the manner such children often are ;—I therefore desire, that, if alive, you will let me see it, that I may provide for it in a different way, than it can be expected you should do for the poor pittance left by the mother.”

The woman then began to expatiate on the impossibility of her taking the care she could wish to do with children left her on these terms ; but that heaven knew

she did all she could, and often laid out more than she received.—She assured her that the child she inquired after was alive and a fine boy, and that he was with a person who indeed nursed for the parish, but was a very good woman, and did her duty.

“ That may be, replied Amasina, but I must have him removed; and, if you can provide another, who can be depended on, I have orders from the father to satisfy you for your trouble, in a more ample manner than you can desire : in the mean time, continued she, putting five guineas into her hand, take this as an earnest, and let the child be brought here to-morrow about this time, by a new nurse, whom you can recommend, and I will give you a meeting.”

A great deal more discourse passed between them on this affair; on the conclusion of which the woman agreed to do whatever she desired of her; and was, doubtless, no less rejoiced at the offer made her by this unknown lady, than she herself was, that by this means she should preserve from misery an innocent creature, whom, though she had not seen, she
felt

felt a kind of natural affection for, as being Palamon's.

The next day, this excellent pattern of good-nature and conjugal love took with her every thing proper for a child to wear, whom she was determined to make her own by adoption ; and no sooner saw him in his new nurse's arms, than she took him, embraced and kissed him with a tenderness little less than maternal ; and, having agreed upon terms for him, caused him to be dressed, in her presence, in the rich cloaths she had brought for him ; and, every thing being settled highly to the satisfaction of all parties, returned home, with a secret contentment in her mind which no words are able to express.

Nor was this a sudden start of goodness and generosity : for, the more she reflected on what she had done, the more pleasure she felt in it — She never let a week pass over without going to see her charge, and how the person intrusted with him behaved. Had he been in reality her own, and heir of the greatest possessions, her diligence in looking after the management of him could not have been greater.

Palamon all this while persisted in his

attachment to Belinda, though her ill conduct gave him frequent occasions for quarrelling with her, and they were several times on the point of seeing each other no more. Their long intimacy however gave sufficient room for censure ; and those who were informed of their more guilty meetings in private, spoke with so little reserve on the occasion, that it became a publick talk.

Palamon's father, who was a person of great sobriety, and to whom the virtues of Amasina had rendered her extremely dear, chid his son in the severest manner ; and, on his denying what he was accused of, and throwing out some insinuations, as if he imagined his wife had uttered some complaints against him,—“ No, said the old gentleman, she bears the wrongs you do her with too much patience, and either sees not, or pretends not to see, what is obvious to the whole world besides.” He then ran into many encomiums on the sweetness of her disposition ; that whether her complaisance were owing either to an unsuspecting nature, or to her prudence in aiming to regain his love by such ways as were most likely to succeed, either of these qualities ought not to lose
their

their merit with a man of understanding;
 “ And, methinks, added he, should make
 you ashamed, as often as you reflect,
 that you have acted so as to oblige her
 to exert all her love and virtue to for-
 give.”

These kind of discourses did not lose
 all their effect on Palamon; and it is high-
 ly probable, that, in maturely balancing
 the solid merits of the wife, against the tri-
 fling allurements of the mistress, he would
 in time have brought himself to do justice
 to the one, and entirely cease to have any
 regard for the other; but the virtues of
 Amasina had already sustained a sufficient
 trial, and heaven thought fit to reward
 them, when she, so long inured to suffer-
 ing, least expected a relief.

By accustoming herself to perform the
 duties of a mother to the child of Belin-
 da, she grew really to love him as such;
 and what, at first, was only pity, conver-
 ted by degrees into a tender affection.—
 When Palamon was abroad, she would
 often cause him to be brought to her, and,
 sending for her own at the same time, di-
 verted herself with the grimaces which the
 two infants would make at each other.
 She was one day employed in this man-
 ner,

ner, when Palamon unexpectedly returned, and came directly into the room where they were.—Whatever indifference he had for his wife, he had always shewn the greatest tenderness to her son; and he now took him up to his arms and kissed him, as was his custom to do. “Here is another little one (said Amasina, smiling) who also claims some portion of your kindness,” and at the same time presented Belinda’s child to him. “By what right, Madam? replied Palamon in the same gay tone.—“As he is mine,” resumed his wife. “Yours! cried he.—“Yes (answered she) he is mine by adoption; and I must have you look upon him as your’s likewise.” “My complaisance for you may carry me great lengths, said he; but, as I know you do nothing without being able to give a reason, I should be glad to learn the motive of so extraordinary a request.”

One of the children beginning to cry a little, Amasina ordered the nurses to take them both into another room; and finding Palamon in an exceeding good humour, was pushed on, by an irresistible impulse, to speak to him in the following manner :

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“ The infant you saw, said she, in a more serious tone than before, and whom I have, in reality, taken under my care, owes its being to two persons of condition ; but being illegally begotten, the care of reputation prevailed over nature ; and this innocent produce of an unconsiderate passion I found abandoned, a wretched cast-away, either to perish, or, surviving, survive but to miseries much worse than death.—The thought was shocking to me, and I resolved to snatch him from the threatned woes, and provide for him out of my private purse, in such a manner as not to make life hateful to him.”

“ An action truly charitable,” said Palamon, a little perplexed ; “ but this is not the reason I expected, since by the same rule your pity might be extended to hundreds, whom, doubtless, you may find exposed in the like manner. It must, therefore, be some plea more forcible than mere compassion that attaches you particularly to this child.”

Amasina, who had foreseen what answer her husband would make, was, all the while he was speaking, debating within herself, whether it would be best for her
to

to evade, or to confess the truth of this affair; and not being able to determine as yet, appeared no less confused and disordered than she would have been, if about to make an acknowledgment for some great offence:—At last, “a plea there is, indeed, said she, but—;” here her voice and courage failed her, and she was utterly incapable to give him the satisfaction he asked.

Palamon was confounded beyond measure, and not knowing what to think of a behaviour so new, and which seemed to denote she laboured with some secret of great importance, he looked stedfastly on her for some minutes; and perceiving that she changed colour, and had her eyes fixed on the earth, grew quite impatient for the certainty of what, as he has since confessed, he then began to suspect, and cried out, “What plea? what mystery?”

“A mystery, replied she, which I had much rather you should guess at than oblige me to unravel——Oh Palamon! continued she, after a pause, is there no instinct in nature that can inform you, my affection for the father makes his offspring, of whomsoever born, dear to me?—I cannot

not hate Belinda so much as I love Palamon; and, while I am performing the offices of a mother to this child, forget the share she has in him, to remember what I owe to him as your's."

The reader's own imagination must here supply the place of description.——Impossible is it for any words to give a just idea of what a husband, circumstanced like Palamon, must feel!——To have his fault thus palpably made known to her, whom he most desired should be ignorant of it,——to receive the highest obligations where he could have expected only resentment;——and to hear the detection of what he had done discovered to him by the injured person, in such a manner, as if herself, not he, had been the criminal,——so hurried his thoughts, between remorse, astonishment, and shame, as left him not the power of making the least reply to what she said:——He walked several turns about the room with a disordered motion, endeavouring to recover a presence of mind, which seemed so necessary on this occasion, but in vain; at last throwing himself into an easy chair, just opposite to that in which his wife was sitting, "Good God! cried he, am I awake!

wake!—Can it be possible there is such a woman in the world!”

The sweet-tempered Amasina could not see him in these agitations without concern, which made her almost repent her having occasioned them:—She ran hastily to him, and, throwing her arms about his neck, “My dear, dear Palamon, said she, let it not trouble you that I am in possession of a secret which I neither sought after, nor, when in a manner forced upon me, ever divulged to any person in the world. Consider me as I am,—your wife,—part of your yourself,—and you will then be assured you can be guilty of no errors, which I shall not readily excuse, and carefully conceal.—Judge of my sincerity, continued she, renewing her embraces, by my behaviour, which you are sensible has not in the least been changed by my knowledge of this affair.”

“O Amasina! cried he, pressing her tenderly to his bosom, I am, indeed, sensible how little I have deserved such proofs of your amazing goodness;—my soul overflows with gratitude and love:—yet, how can I atone for my past crime?”
—“By mentioning it no more, interrupted

ted she, and to let me share in that heart-my want of charms denies me the hope of filling wholly.”

To these endearing words he answered only in broken sentences, but such as more testified what she wished to find in him towards her, than the most eloquent speeches could have done. She was now convinced that the victory she had gained over him was perfect and sincere, and would have known a transport without alloy, but for the tender pain it gave her to find so much difficulty in persuading him to forgive himself.

As he was desirous she should have nothing, for the future, to apprehend from Belinda, he immediately wrote a letter to that lady; wherein he acquainted her, that, sensible of the injury he had done the best of wives and women, he was determined to pursue no pleasures in which she did not participate. He represented to her the shame and folly of carrying on an intrigue of the nature their's had been, in the most pathetic terms; and advised her to think of living so as to gain her that reputation in the world, which he was obliged to confess, he had contributed to make her lose; assured her, that the resolution

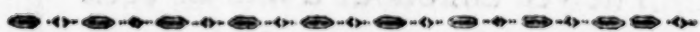
olution he had now made of seeing her no more, was not to be shaken by any arguments in her power to make use of; therefore, begged she would endeavour to follow his example, and forget all that had passed between them.

Though he desired no answer, he received one, filled with the most virulent reproaches on himself, and mingled with many contemptuous reflections on his wife. The first he was unmoved at; but the other totally destroyed all the remains of regard and consideration he had for her. He tore the letter into a thousand pieces, and, to shew this injurious lady the contempt and resentment with which he had treated what she said, gathered up the scattered fragments, and sent them back to her under a sealed cover, but without writing a word.

Thus ended his amour with Belinda; but the happy Amasina enjoyed the recompence of her virtue in the continued tenderness of a husband, who never could have loved her half so well, had he not loved elsewhere, because he never could have had an opportunity of being so well acquainted with those virtues in her, which were the ground of his affections.

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The compassion she had shewn for the child of Belinda; was not a temporary start of goodness; she persisted in the most tender care of him, had him educated in the same manner with her own, and, to alleviate the misfortune of his birth, engaged Palamon to set apart a considerable sum of money, in order to put him into a genteel and profitable business.



— / *The Knighthood of Sir LOIN.*

AS once returning from the chace,
The second *Charles*, the merry
king,

The glories of whose sacred race
The muse shall ever love to sing;

Now wearied with the sport he lov'd,
And faint with toil, and faint with heat,
Dejected look'd, and slowly mov'd,
And long'd to rest, and long'd to eat.

Sudden before his wand'ring eyes
Abanquet unexpected stood;

The

The monarch gaz'd with glad surprize,
And 'gan to taste the welcome food.

Proud of his lov'd, his royal guest,
The noble host a gallant lord,
With various dainties grac'd the feast,
And gay profusion crown'd the board.

But high above the rest appear'd
The hungry *Briton's* old relief,
Its mighty bulk exalting rear'd
The yet unhonour'd loin of beef.

With ravish'd eye the king beheld,
Eat as he ne'er had eat before;
Too soon the rage of hunger quell'd,
And griev'd that he could eat no more.

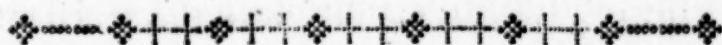
But soon with mighty spirits gay,
Such as alone from beef could spring,
The mighty pleasure to repay,
Aloud proclaim'd the enraptur'd king;

Be thou for ever lov'd, and great,
As my delight, be thy just fame;
Thy praises ev'ry tongue repeat,
And *SIR* eternal grace thy name.

He said, and drew the royal sword:
Th' applauding croud uprose around,

SIR

SIR LOIN with acclamations roar'd
And distant echoes catch the sound.



THE FATAL INDIFFERENCE :

*Or, The interesting History of Mrs MATILDA
MARKHAM. Printed from her own Ma-
nuscript.*

I Was the only daughter of a Gentle-
man, who held an employment under
the Government, that amounted to 500l.
a year; yet though this employment was
his principal dependance, and though he
was always under a necessity of appearing
rather elegantly in the world, still no care
was omitted to give his favourite Matilda
a finished education. I was therefore in-
structed at an early period in French and
Italian, was taught all the fashionable nec-
dleworks that keep a young woman regu-
larly employed, without answering any
one purpose of real utility, and made such
a mistress of the harpsichord before I at-
tained my fourteenth year, that I was
considered by the Connoisseurs on this in-
strument, as a kind of musical miracle :

Add

Add to all these accomplishments, that I sung with some voice and much taste, danced with remarkable grace, and possessed a person which was the incessant object of general adulation.

In giving this picture of myself I shall not be suspected of vanity, because at the very period I am speaking of, I was much more intitled to pity than to praise ; my education had been elegant, but no way useful, and it rather served to encrease my pride, than to enlarge my understanding——instead of teaching me to be chearful, humble, and obliging, it rendered me sullen, froward, and capricious, and therefore instead of modestly endeavouring to obtain the esteem of those with whom I conversed, I laid an insolent claim to their admiration.——My poor father, who imagined the world beheld me with the eyes of his own partiality, rather encouraged, than discountenanced the extraordinary value which I set upon my own accomplishments, and neglected the cultivation of my mind, though he hourly sacrificed to my vanity—he fancied that the knowledge of a language or two, would necessarily give me good sense, and believed the turn of my disposition must
be

be right, because I sung prettily, and made a figure at my harpsichord.—Alas ! how severely has experience convinced me that a single scruple of discretion outweighs all the benefits to be reaped from the French or the Italian ; and how heartily do I wish that the hours which have been so prodigally lavished in the attainment of mere embellishments, had been wisely employed in the less fashionable studies of regulating a family.

Wishes, however, will not, to use the forcible language of a modern writer, ‘ Roll back the flood of never ebbing time,’ and therefore from useless exclamation I shall proceed with the simple narration of facts.—Notwithstanding my boundless vanity, and notwithstanding the well known slenderness of my father’s circumstances, I had several advantageous matches proposed to me before I reached my eighteenth year: but these were in general disregarded, both because no impression had been made upon my heart, and because I fancied my wonderful merits would at any time procure me a husband with an affluent fortune: At length Mr. Markham, who had acquired a prodigious property as a Commissary during the late

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war,

war, making overtures, my father thought it prudent to consent, and as I had no objection to Mr Markham's person or manner, we were married in a few weeks, and I found myself mistress of a magnificent house in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square.

Being thus happily settled, and indulged in every wish of my heart by Mr. Markham, my pride soon broke out into the most excessive extravagance, and I grew wholly indifferent to every enjoyment but my rage for admiration.—In vain my husband exerted every argument of tenderness, and every act of generosity, to shew me the folly, nay the danger of my pursuit.—His remonstrances I construed into insolence, and imagined he was sufficiently happy in the possession of so invaluable a treasure as myself, without putting a disagreeable restraint upon my inclinations.—The truth was, he had married me from a principle of affection, and I had given him my hand entirely from motives of vanity.—He expected to have his passion returned with transport, and I looked for a continual round of glitter and dissipation.—He pined to have me more at home, and I sickened for every

ry fashionable amusement.—The consequence at last was, that he became gloomy in proportion as I grew indifferent, and this gloominess appearing, in my conception of things, very ungrateful, I determined to punish it as much as possible, by engaging myself abroad in an endless round of pleasure, and by making little more than a sleeping place of his house.

In this manner matters continued almost two years, during which time we had two children; but the maternal duties were much too vulgar for a woman of my superior accomplishments, therefore I did not honour home the more with my presence on account of this increase in my family —Notwithstanding my continual engagements abroad, however, I was about this time informed of a circumstance which extremely mortified my vanity —and this was, that Mr. Markham and my woman, who was a very likely girl, had frequent meetings at a milliner's, in one of the bye-streets of our neighbourhood.—Though I never felt any tenderness for Mr. Markham, this intelligence gave my pride a very sensible mortification: However indifferent I might be about him, there was no supporting the i-

dea of his infidelity to me; I could bear to see him miserable by my negligence, but it was intolerable to think of his being attached to any body else—it was a treason against the majesty of my merit, and I determined in a fatal hour to be amply revenged on the criminal.——O ye daughters of reputation, beware of exerting a false resentment, even where the perfidy of your husbands may be evident.—Let not his errors lead you into actual crimes, nor madly make a sacrifice of your own happiness, and your own character; through a ridiculous notion of retaliating your wrongs—you can suffer no distress that will equal a fall into infamy. The affliction of the innocent is an Elysium compared to the anguish of the guilty, and the stroke of calamity is always keen in proportion to the consciousness of having deserved it. Had I prudently considered this, while the consideration could have been useful, my bloom of life would not now be chilled by the blasts of shame, nor had the storm of reproach rooted up all the flattering prospect of my future felicity—the sunshine of tranquillity would have smiled upon my morning, and my evening would have been wholly unim-

bitte red

bittered with tears.—But, alas! I must resent where I ought to reconcile; and instead of recovering my husband's affection, I must excite his detestation. It is unnecessary to explain myself farther. 'Tis needless to tell you, that there are men enough to flatter a woman who has youth and a passable person. This was unhappily my case, and in the rash, the wretched moment of my indignation at Mr. Markham's infidelity, some Dæmon rendered a professed admirer of mine so very importunate, that I listened to him from motives of revenge, and yielding to his solicitations on purpose to punish my husband, was utterly undone.

The inconsiderate, the unpardonable step I had taken was not long concealed, nor did it ever strike me, till it was published, that without making my infamy universally known, I could enjoy no triumph over poor Mr. Markham. It was however no sooner known, which was in a few days, through the vanity of my paramour, than I was overwhelmed not only with disgrace, but with remorse—and discovered that my resentment against my unfortunate husband was as unjustly founded, as the fatal indifference which

originally gave birth to my crime.—Mr. Markham, indeed, had frequent meetings with my woman at the milliner's I have mentioned; but these meetings were perfectly innocent, nay they were perfectly laudable; the round of amusements in which I was constantly engaged, and the avidity with which I listened to every coxcomb that offered up incense at the shrine of my vanity, had for a long time filled him with doubts of my honour, and he naturally enough imagined, that she, who disdained to preserve the appearance of reputation, would entertain but little regard for the reality—Actuated by a belief of this nature; and supposing that my woman must necessarily be my confidant, in case of any illicit correspondence, he had frequent appointments with her at the Milliner's, not chusing, for fear of suspicion, to converse with her privately in his own house.—Thus the very measures he took to save me from ruin became material causes of my destruction; and thus by the preposterous pride of a wretch, who was wholly unworthy of him, the happiness of his family was eternally blasted, while he earnestly laboured for its restoration.

Had

Had the unhappy consequences however terminated here, I think it would have been possible for a life of penitence to give me some distant idea of comfort, and the disgrace to which I am justly cast out, might be considered as a kind of expiation for my crime—but, alas! the guilt of infidelity was to be attended with blood, and Mr. Markham was not only to be ruined in his peace, but my father!—Oh, Sir, the recollection, the bare recollection of the miseries which my infamy has produced, almost drives me into madness; and I am astonished that the laws do not cut off such monsters as myself from the face of society.—Mighty God, look down upon me with an eye of compassion—these tears are not the tears of disappointed pride; nor are these tresses now torn from my miserable head, because my vanity is no longer to be indulged.—No, the anguish of my soul is now the genuine result of contrition; and I will hope for pardon in the future world, though I neither can look for tranquillity or forgiveness in this:—but to go on.

The instant that my perfidy reached Mr Markham's ears he flew to me, (I was

then in my dressing-room) and in a tone of the utmost despair exclaimed, " O Matilda! What have I done to deserve this? —Was it not enough to destroy my repose, without murdering my reputation ; or if you had no regard for my honour, why were you lost to all pity for your helpless innocents? they have never offended, though I may unhappily have displeased, and they were intitled to some little compassion, though no pity whatsoever might be due to me :—but, Madam, continued he, raising his voice into a fierceness that petrified me, though you have made me wretched, you shall not make me contemptible—this moment you must quit my house, nor shall you enter my habitation more—the unhappy little ones will be carefully attended to, but they shall be taught to forget every trace of a mother who has covered them with infamy, and planted daggers in the bosom of their unfortunate father."—Saying this he hurried out, while I fainted in the arms of my woman, and remained so wholly senseless for several hours, that my recovery was entirely despaired of.

On recovering the use of my senses, O what a misfortune is the power of recollection

lection to the wretched ! I was removed in obedience to Mr. Markham's positive order, to my father's.—Here instead of receiving consolation I was to look for the keenest of all reproach ; but contrary to my expectations, the voice that hailed me was the voice of pity, and the venerable author of my being was almost in the agonies of death, as they led me trembling to his apartment.—He had been for a long time confined by the gout, and this unlooked-for calamity throwing it instantly into his stomach beyond the power of medicine, he lay patiently waiting for the moment of dissolution.—On my entrance he was raised up in his bed, where he held forth his trembling hands, and with some difficulty articulated, “ O Matilda, forgive your dying father—it was my mistaken manner of education that has ruined my unhappy child !” He could utter no more—his pangs came on him too fast, and he expired before they could convey me from the dreadful scene to another room.—Here I was seized with a violent fever, and lay delirious several days.—When the violence of my disorder was somewhat abated—I enquired—I ventured to enquire, after Mr. Markham and

my poor children—the accounts I received were flattering, and greatly forwarded my recovery—but my health was no sooner re-established, than I found these accounts to be entirely the pious frauds of friendship, and calculated only to hasten my amendment.—The truth was, Mr. Markham had been obliged to fly for killing the wretched partner of my guilt, in a duel, and he took the two children with him—where he had taken refuge nobody could tell me, nor have I to this hour discovered the place of his retreat.—His house, his estates, his property in the funds, were all converted into money; and once a year I receive a cover containing a note for two hundred pounds,—it comes from his appointment I am well convinced, but there is no possibility of tracing him, though it is now seven years since he justly spurned me from his protection.—

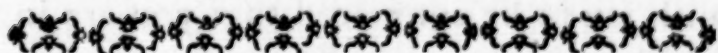
O that he knew the anguish of my heart, or heard that my time is wholly passed in solitude and tears.—O that he would bless me with one look at my poor children.—

'Tis true their mother is a scandal to them, and the mention of her name must tinge their young cheeks with an instant glow of indignation—but my sweet
babes

babes—my lovely little ones, though your mother is an outcast—though she is a wretch. she feels for you with the keenest sensibility, and would sacrifice her life with joy to be convinced that you are in health and security,—she must not dare to indulge the hope of ever seeing your highly injured father—that happiness she has eternally forfeited—could she, however, clasp you for a moment, a single moment to her agonizing bosom, she would, —O Mr. Markham, if this paper should happily fall into your hands, bestow one charitable thought upon a creature now humbled in the dust, and bleeding with the deepest contrition for her crime——as a wife she does not presume to mention herself—nor means to address your tenderness, but to implore your humanity—have pity on her, therefore, dear Sir—only say that you are well yourself, and that your children are in safety, and if the prayers of such a monster to the throne of Mercy can be any way efficacious, the little remnant of her unfortunate life shall be employed in supplicating that happiness for you and yours both here and hereafter, which she can never enjoy in this world, and which

without your forgiveness she may possibly
forfeit in the next.

MATILDA MARKHAM.



A L L E N

AND

E L L A.

A FRAGMENT.

ON the banks of that crystalline stream
Where *Thames*, oft, his current
delays ;

And charms, more than poets can dream
In his *Richmond's* bright villa surveys ;

Fair *Ella!* of all the gay throng
The fairest that nature had seen,
Now, drew ev'ry village along,
From the day she first danc'd on the
green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond pow'r,
For short is the triumph, ye fair!

Not

Not fleeter the bloom of each flow'r;
And hope is but gilded despair.

His affection each swain, now, behold
By riches endeavours to prove!
But *Ella* stills cries what is gold,
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

Yes! *Allen*, together, we'll wield
Our sickles in summer's bright day;
Together we'll leaze o'er the field,
And smile all our labours away.

In winter I'll winnow the wheat
As it falls from thy flail on the ground:
That flail will be music as sweat,
When thy voice in the labour is
drown'd.

How oft would he speak of his bliss!
How oft would he call her his maid!
And *Allen* would seal with a kiss
Ev'ry promise and vow that he made.

But! hark! o'er the grass-level land,
The village bells found on the plain;
False *Allen* this morn gave his hand,
And *Ella's* fond tears are in vain.

Sad

Sad *Ella*, too soon, heard the tale!

Too soon the sad cause she was told!

That his was a nymph of the vale:

That he broke his fond promise for
gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,

Which befringes the sweet river's side,
How oft', was she languishing seen!

How oft', would she gaze on the tide!

By the clear river, then, as she sat,

Which reflected herself and the mead;
Awhile! she bewept her sad fate,

And the green turf, still, pillow'd her
head!

There, there! is it *Ella*, I see?

'Tis *Ella*, the lost, undone maid!

Ah! no, 'tis some *Ella*, like me,

Some hapless young virgin betray'd!

Like me! she has sorrow'd and wept;

Like me! she has, fondly, believ'd;

Like me! her true promise she kept,

And, like me, too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!

Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu!

I come! and we'll gather relief
From bosoms so chaste and so true!

Like you, I have mourn'd the long night:
And wept out the day, in despair!
Like you, I have banish'd delight,
And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows, so lovely, farewell,
Your velvet, still, *Allen* shall tread!
All deaf to the sound of that knell
Which tolls for his *Ella* when dead.

Your wish will, too sure! be obey'd;
Nor, *Allen* her loss shall bemoan!
Soon, soon! shall poor *Ella* be laid
Where her heart shall be cold as your
own.

Then, twin'd in the arms of that fair,
Whose wealth has been *Ella's* sad fate,
As, together, ye draw the free air,
And a thousand dear pleasures relate:

If chance, o'er my turf, as you tread,
Ye dare to affect a fond sigh!
The primrose will shrink her pale head,
And the violet languish and die.

Ah!

Ah! weep not, fond maid! 'tis in vain;
 Like the tears which you lend to the
 stream;

Tears are lost in that watery plain;
 And your sighs are still lost upon him.

Scarce echo had gather'd the sound,
 But she plung'd from her grass-spring-
 ing bed:

The liquid stream parts to the ground,
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village at eve,
 Oft meet at the dark-spreading yew;
 There wonder how man could deceive
 A bosom so chaste, and so true.

With garlands, of every flow'r,
 (Which *Ella* herself should have made)
 They raise up a short-living bow'r;
 And, sighing, cry, "Peace to her
 shade!"

Then, hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move
 The green platting hillock around,
 They talk of poor *Ella*, and love,
 And freshen, with tears, the fair
 ground.

Nay,

Nay, with they had never been born,
 Or liv'd the sad moment to view,
 When her *Allen* could thus be foresworn,
 And his *Ella* could still be so true.



THE FRAIL

P R O J E C T

O F A

W I S E M A N.

[Translated from the French.]

MEMNON took it into his head to resolve upon the very important project of becoming perfectly wise; not a few men but have been at some seasons of life infected with the like weakness. Said Memnon to himself, in order to become entirely wise, and consequently entirely happy, it is first necessary to gain a compleat conquest over the passions, and I have been told that nothing is more easy.

In the first place, I am determined never to be infected with the love of women;

men; when I behold a perfect beauty I will say to myself, those cheeks will one day or other become wrinkled, and their dimples be smothered in the ruins of time; those fine eyes, deprived of their lustre, will then be bleared and hollow; that well-turned neck will be shriveled, those rising breasts will decay and fall, and those flowing ringlets will drop away. I have nothing to do but to present this prospect to my imagination as it really will be, and to shut out from my thoughts the idea of what it is, and then assuredly the finest head will not turn mine.

In the second place, I resolve to be always sober, I will not suffer myself to partake of luxurious repasts, or delicious wines, and the allurements of society. I have only to represent to myself the consequences of intemperance, an aching head, an overcharged stomach; the loss of reason, health and time; therefore I will only eat when hunger calls; my health will not be interrupted, my ideas will be always clear and enlightened——All this is so easy, and at the same time so salutary, that no kind of merit can be claimed by an adherence to it.

Conclusively,

Conclusively, said Memnon, it is necessary to think a little of my fortune; my desires are moderate, my money is securely placed in the hands of the receiver-general of the finances of Ninive. I have sufficient to live in a state of independence; which is the most solid of all satisfactions. I shall not be reduced to the irksome necessity of paying my court to the great. I shall not envy any one, and no one will envy me: there is no difficulty in all this.

I have friends, continued he; I shall certainly preserve them, because they will have nothing to dispute with me; therefore I shall have no reason to be out of humour with them, nor they with me — All these things then are fairly settled.

After having calmly laid down this rational plan of wisdom in his chamber, Memnon placed himself carelessly at the window. He observed two women walking under the plantain trees before his house. The one was old and appeared unconcerned; the other was young, handsome, and seemed greatly oppressed. She sighed, then wept, and her tears only added to her graces. The wise man was touched,

touched, not in the least at the beauty of the fair mourner, (he was incapable of a weakness of that nature) but at the affliction in which she was plunged. He descended, and accosted the young Ninivienne with a design to console her with some sage precepts. The distressed fair one, with an air quite natural and affecting, recounted the injuries she had received from an uncle who had never existed, and with what artifice he had found means to deprive her of an estate she never possessed, and above all things expressed her apprehensions lest he should offer violence to her person. "You appear to me," said she, "a person of such discretion, that if you will have the condescension to go with me to my apartment, and give yourself the trouble to examine into the nature of my distresses, I am well assured that it will be in your power to extricate me from the difficulties I labour under. Memnon did not hesitate at the proposal, but agreed to follow her, to examine cautiously into the state of her affairs, and to assist her with prudent counsel.

The afflicted lady ushered him into an elegant apartment, and entreated him in
 polite

polite terms to repose himself upon a large sofa. They placed themselves cross legged opposite to each other. The fair one mingled tears and words with downcast eyes, which she never raised without encountering the attentive glances of the wise Memnon. Her discourse was extremely affecting, and the more so each time she looked upon him. Memnon took her affairs extremely to heart, and perceived in himself from moment to moment, an encreasing inclination to serve a person at once so worthy and so unhappy. They had approached insensibly towards each other in the heat of conversation; their legs were no longer crossed; Memnon counselled her so closely, and gave his advice in a manner so tender, that neither the one nor the other could speak longer of business. Affairs were in this situation when the uncle arrived. Guess then their confusion. He was compleatly armed; his first words declared his resolution to make a sacrifice of the wise Memnon and his niece; the last that escaped him, signified that it was possible to obtain a pardon for a considerable sum of money. Memnon was reduced to give
all

all he had about him, and thought himself happy to get so well off.

Memnon, confounded and dismayed, returned home, where he found a card to invite him to dinner with some intimate friends. "If I stay at home and alone," said he, "my spirits will be depressed with my unfortunate adventure; I shall not eat, and probably fall into a fit of sickness; it is therefore much better to go among my friends and make a frugal repast. The agreeableness of their society will banish the remembrance of the folly I have committed this morning."

He went to the place appointed, the company observed he was melancholy, and prevailed upon him to drink to cheer his spirits: a little wine used moderately is refreshing to the mind and body. Thus thought the wise Memnon, and thus reflected he till he became drunk. Dinner over, play was proposed: well regulated play among friends is an innocent method of passing time. They played, Memnon lost all his purse contained, and four times the sum upon his word. A dispute arose about the game, the parties grew hot, and one of his friends threw a stool at the head of the wise Memnon,

Memnon, and struck out one of his eyes. He returned home drunk, moneyless, and, what was more—had left an eye behind him. When he had slept himself sober, and got clear of the fumes of the wine, he dispatched his valet to the receiver-general of the finances of Ninive to bring him a sum of money to discharge the debt to his intimate friends. News was brought him that the receiver-general had that morning made a fraudulent bankruptcy to the ruin of a hundred families. Memnon, in a fit of distraction, with a plaister on his eye, and a memorial in his hand, posted to court, to demand justice of the king against the bankrupt. Here he closely attended a favourite moment to throw himself at the feet of the monarch, who no sooner appeared than his suppliant humbling himself to the earth held out his memorial. His gracious majesty received it very favourably, and delivered it to one of the chief Lords in waiting to give him an account of it. The Lord drew Memnon aside, and, with an air of haughtiness, smiling contemptuously, said to him: “you are sure a most ridiculous and familiar fool to address yourself to the king rather than to me; and yet
more

more so to demand justice against an honest bankrupt whom I honour with my protection, and who is the nephew of my mistress's waiting woman: discontinue this business, my friend, if you have any regard for your safety or the eye that remains in your head."

Thus Memnon, who, in the morning, had renounced all commerce with the fair sex, the excesses of the table, of gaming, quarrelling, and above all things, the court; had before night been jilted and robbed by a strumpet, got drunk, gamed, and lost his money; entered into a broil, had one of his eyes knocked out by his friend, was deprived of his fortune by a bankruptcy in the moment he thought it most secure, and had been at court, where he had suffered contempt, derision, threats and disappointment.

Terrified, astonished, and overwhelmed with grief, he returned homewards; and, with a sad heart, was about to enter his house, but found the doors stopt up by officers who were removing his effects. He retired and stood almost motionless under a plantain-tree, from whence he perceived his distressed damsel walking with her gentle uncle; both of them burst
into

into an immoderate fit of laughter when they beheld the plaister upon his eye, and left him to his reflections. Night came on, Memnon threw himself upon some straw under the walls of his house; he was seized with a fever; but nature wearied out, at last gave way to sleep, and a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream.

The form was surrounded with a resplendent light. It had six beautiful wings, but was without head or feet, and resembled nothing. "What art thou?" said Memnon. "Thy good genius," answered the other. "Restore me my eye then, my house, my fortune, my wisdom," returned Memnon, recounting to him in what manner he had lost all those in one day. "These are mischances that never happen in the region we inhabit," said the spirit. "What sort of a world do you inhabit then?" said the afflicted man in the straw. "My country," replied he, "is five hundred millions of leagues from the sun, in a light star which you may discern south-east from hence." "O! what, a fine country it is!" says Memnon. "What, have you no impostors there who delude the innocent? no intimate friends who cheat folks of their money, and after-

G

wards

wards knock their eyes out? no fraudulent bankrupts? no great men in power, who deride, threaten, and refuse you justice?" "No," said the inhabitant of the star, "nothing of all this. We are never deceived by women, because we have none; we have no epicurism among us, because we never eat; we have no bankrupts, for we have neither gold nor silver; no one can knock another's eye out in a race without heads; no great individual can exercise injustice towards another among those who are all equals." "But then, my Lord," said Memnon, "without wife, and without dinner, how do you pass your time?" "In watching," said the Genii, "over the other globes that are intrusted to us; therefore I now come to give you consolation." "Alas!" replied Memnon, "why did not you come then the night before last to prevent my running into so many follies?" "I was then close to your elder brother, d'Afan," said the protector from the star. "He is in a more piteous plight than yourself. His gracious majesty, the king of the Indies, at whose court he was, deprived him of both his eyes for a trifling indiscretion; and he is now actually in a dungeon; his hands

hands and feet loaded with irons." "To what purpose is it then to have a good genius in one's family," said Memnon, "if, of two brothers, the youngest is deprived of one eye, and the other of both; the one is upon straw, and the other in a prison?" "Thy condition will be changed," replied the spirit; "it is true you will be always without an eye; but, to make amends, you will be tolerably happy, provided you do not attempt to renew the chimerical project of becoming perfectly wise." "Is it then possible to attain to that degree of perfection?" cried Memnon with a sigh. "As impossible," returned the other, "as it is to be perfectly ingenious, perfectly strong, perfectly powerful, or perfectly happy."



A D V I C E
T O T H E
L A D I E S;
O R, T H E
A R T T O P L E A S E.

- ‘ **A** TTEND, ye, fair, while I impart
‘ The secret how to please;
‘ The rudiments of beauty’s art
‘ Are short, and only these:
‘ All flattery learn betimes to shun,
‘ Not once that Syren hear;
‘ Know, praise for virtues not your own,
‘ Is satire most severe.
‘ Flattery, the Lethe of the soul,
‘ No science leaves behind——
‘ Worse than the fell Circean bowl,
‘ It poisons all the mind.
‘ ’Tis not in gold, bright sparkling stone,
‘ Or brighter sparkling eyes,
‘ The value of the fair is known,
‘ For these the good despise.
‘ What

- ' What tho' the Spring's Elysian glow
 ' On either cheek were seen,
 ' Or whiter than the virgin snow
 ' Your neck's pellucid skin :
 ' Yet pride, or affectation, these
 ' Will more than age deform,
 ' And envy, worse than pale disease,
 ' Shall wither every charm.
 ' True wit exists but with good nature,—
 ' The parent of politeness;
 ' Let that illuminate every feature,
 ' And lend the eye its brightness.
 ' Virtue is grace and dignity,
 ' 'Tis more than royal blood,
 ' A gem the world's too poor to buy;—
 ' Would you be fair?—be good.'



Anecdote of the late King of Spain, and a young Gascoin Lady.

PHILIP V. the late king of Spain,
 being at Bourdeaux, and dining in
 public during his stay, people of all sorts
 had an opportunity of seeing him. A-
 mong the rest, there were several ladies
 of good quality, and with them a young

Gascoin lady, about eighteen years of age, who drew near the king's table. She was well grown, of a majestic, lively countenance, exceeding neatly dressed; and besides all this, she had something charming in her air, which particularly distinguished her from all others of her sex that were about the young monarch. The king, without any ceremony, took a dish of sweet-meats and turned them into her apron. She received his majesty's present with surprizing modesty; but could not forbear blushing, which increased her charms, and made her admired by all the spectators. The young king smiled upon her, and signified, by the many tender glances with which he beheld her, the impressions that she had made upon his heart.

As the fair one could not, without confusion, bear her part in this scene, she thought proper to withdraw. His majesty losing the sight of her, whispered to one of his pages, and bid him inform himself of the name and abode of this beauty. The repast being ended, the king retired into his closet, where he wrote a billet-doux, and gave it to his page to carry to the lady, who was so suddenly
become

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become the object of his passion. The billet ran thus:

“ Love reigns in the hearts of kings, as well as in those of their subjects: he knows no power superior to his own, and the greatest monarchs in the world glory in their submission to his empire. You may think it strange, my dear, that I am affected with the charms of your person. I beg of you one hour’s interview, wherein I may shew you the excess of my affection, &c.”

The king, in giving this billet to the page, gave him, at the same time, a rich diamond, with orders to present it, in his name, with the billet, to the young lady. The trusty page punctually executed his majesty’s commands. The fair Gascoin read the king’s tender billet, and received his present. As she was of a sprightly genius, she immediately sent to his majesty the following letter:

S I R,

“ I assure you, that if love reigns over the hearts of kings, as it does over those of the least of their subjects; virtue, constancy, and fidelity, reign also among women of mean birth, as well as a-

mong queens. I return your majesty my hearty thanks for the tender love that you have conceived of me, and yet more for the declaration that you have made, in the billet you have been pleased to give yourself the trouble of writing to me. Perhaps, great prince, if I had been descended from the blood of queens and sovereign princesses, you would not have regarded me. Sir, as I have already engaged my fidelity to a lover, to whom I have promised marriage, I beg your majesty to dispense with this interview, which cannot but be fatal to my virtue.

“ Nevertheless, Sir, I will keep your fine diamond, as a precious token of the love which it has pleased so great a monarch to honour me with, at a time when I cannot answer him but with sighs and regrets.”

CARE



C A R E

A N D

G E N E R O S I T Y.

A T A L E.

OLD Care, with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his
part;

He heap'd up such an ample store,
That Av'rice could not sigh for more;
Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crouded graneries groan,
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain;
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free,
Her name was Generosity.

G 5

'Twas

'Twas her's the largeis to bestow
 On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
 Her doors to all were open'd wide,
 The pilgrim there might safe abide:
 For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
 The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
 There sickness laid her aching head,
 And there distress could find a bed—
 Each hour with an all-bounteous hand,
 Diffus'd she blessings round the land:
 Her gifts and glory lasted long,
 And numerous was th' accepting throng.
 At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
 And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;
 She found her riches at an end,
 And that she had not made one friend—
 All curs'd her for not giving more,
 Nor thought on what she'd done before;
 She wept, she ray'd, she tore her hair,
 When lo! to comfort her came Care,—
 And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
 Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
 All will be well—you shall have store,
 And I be plagu'd with Wealth no more.—
 'Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
 You still shall act the generous part.—
 The Bridal came—great was the feast,
 And good the pudding and the priest;

The

The bride in nine moons brought him
forth

A little maid of matchless worth:
Her face was mix'd of Care and Glee,
They christen'd her OEconomy,
And stiled her fair Discretion's Queen,
The mistress of the golden mean.
Now Generosity confin'd,
Is perfect easy in her mind;
She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from Care.

A singular Example of Magnanimity and Moderation in Revenge.

ALiverdi, Generalissimo of the armies of Abbas the Great, King of Persia, and his prime minister, was as good a general, and as able a politician, as he was amiable in the capacity of a courtier. From the constant serenity of his countenance, it was judged that nothing could ruffle the calmness of his heart; and virtue displayed itself in him so gracefully and so naturally, that it was supposed to be his natural temper. An extraor-

dinary incident obliged the world to do him justice, and place him in the rank he deserved.

One day, as he was shut up in his closet, bestowing on affairs of state the hours which other men devote to sleep, a courier, quite out of breath, came in and told him that an Armenian, followed by a posse of friends, had, in the night, surprized his palace at Amandabat, destroyed all the most valuable furniture in it, and would have carried off his wife and children, doubtless, to make slaves of them, had not the domestics, when the first fright was over, made head against him. The courier added, that a bloody skirmish ensued, in which the servants had the advantage at last; that the Armenian's friends were all killed upon the spot, but that their leader was taken alive. 'I thank thee, Offali, * cried Aliverdi, for affording me the means to revenge so enormous an attempt.' 'What! whilst I make a sacrifice of my days and repose to the good of Persia; while, through my cares and toils, the meanest Persian subject lives
secure

* The Prophet most revered by the Persians next to Mahomet.

secure from injustice and violence, shall an audacious stranger come to injure me in what is most dear to me ! Let him be thrown into a dungeon, give him a quantity of wretched food sufficient to preserve him for the torments to which I destine him.' The courier withdrew, charged with these orders, to those who had the Armenian in custody.

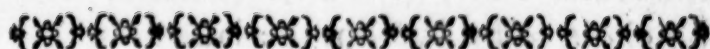
But Aliverdi, growing cool again, cried out, ' What is it, O God, that I have done ? Is it thus I maintain the glory of so many years ? Shall one single moment eclipse all my virtue ! That stranger has cruelly provoked me ; but what impelled him to it ? No man commits evil merely for the pleasure of doing it : there is always a motive which passion or prejudice presents to us under the mask of equity ; and it must needs be some motive of this kind that blinded the Armenian to the dreadful consequences of his attempt. Doubtless, I must have injured the wretch.'

He dispatches immediately an express to Amandabat, with an order, under his own hand, not to make the prisoner feel any other hardship than the privation of liberty. Tranquil after this act of moderation,

ration, he applied himself again to public business, till he should have leisure to sift this particular case to the bottom. From the strict inquiries he ordered to be made, he learned that one of his inferior officers had done very considerable damage to the Armenian, considering the mediocrity of his fortune; and that he himself had slighted the complaints brought against him. Eased by his discovery, he called for the Armenian, whose countenance expressed more confusion than terror, and passed this sentence upon him:

‘ Vindictive stranger, there were some grounds for thy resentment; thou didst think I had justly incurred thy hatred; I forgive thee the injury thou hast done me. But thou hast carried thy vengeance to excess; thou hast attacked a man whom thou oughtest to respect; nay, thou hast attempted to make thy vengeance fall upon innocent heads, and therefore I ought to punish thee. Go then, reflect in solitude on the wretchedness of a man that gives full swing to his passions. Thy punishment, which justice requires of me, will be sufficiently tempered with my clemency till thy repentance may permit me to shorten the term.’

T H E



THE
NIGHTINGALE

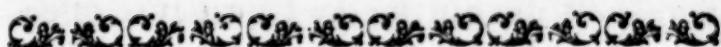
CAUGHT.

A FABLE.

HOW few, with patience, can endure
The evils they themselves procure!
A Nightingale, with snares beset,
At last was taken in a net:
When first she found her wings confin'd,
She beat and flutter'd in the wind;
Still thinking she could fly away,
Still hoping to regain the spray:
But finding there was no retreat,
Her little heart with anger beat:
Nor did it aught abate her rage,
To be transmitt'd to a cage;
The wire apartment, tho' commodious,
To her appear'd excessive odious;
And tho' it furnish'd drink and meat,
She car'd not, for she cou'd not eat.
'I was not supplying her with food,
She lik'd to gather it from the wood;
And

And water clear, her thirst to slake,
 She chose to sip it from the lake :
 And when she sung herself to rest,
 'Twas in what hedge she lik'd the best.
 And thus, because she was not free,
 Hating the chain of slavery,
 She rather added link to link ;
 Just so men reach misfortune's brink.
 At length, revolving on her state,
 She cries, I might have met worse fate,
 Been seiz'd by kites, or prowling cat,
 Or stifled in a school-boy's hat ;
 Or been the first unlucky mark,
 Sure hit by some fantastic spark.
 Then conscience told her want of care
 Had made her fall into the snare ;
 That men were free their nets to throw,
 And birds were free to come or go ;
 And all the evils she lamented
 By caution might have been prevented.
 So on her perch more pleas'd she stood,
 And peck'd the kindly offer'd food ;
 Resolv'd with patience to endure
 Ills she had brought, but could not cure.

THE



T H E

UNFORTUNATE DAUGHTER ;

A

M O R A L T A L E.

LADY Harriet Stanhope joined to the advantages of birth the prospect of an ample fortune and the most engaging accomplishments. Her very look and gesture breathed a charm which even beauty cannot impart, a sensibility which is more frequently the source of pain than of pleasure. Her heart was formed for love. She was in her cradle when she lost a mother by whom she was idolized. The Earl Stanhope, her father, educated her himself ; and though she was dear to him as his life, he yet never spoke to her, but in the rigid tone of a master. Lady Harriet could never look at him without trembling. To the severity of his disposition his Lordship added an intolerable pride. He thought that no man under the rank of Nobility would presume to
address

addresses his daughter ; and he never once conceived that Lady Harriet would feel the impression of love till she had received the sanction of his authority ; amazing prepossession ! as if the heart could expand or contract itself at the command of a parent.

Mr. Bedford, a merchant of credit, and a Member of one of the Cornish boroughs, frequently waited upon the Earl. His son occasionally accompanied him ; and it was not long before Lady Harriet felt a disappointment each time the youth did not appear. She became thoughtful ; and, when she spoke, it was to enquire about young Belford, whose image forsook her not even in sleep. As yet, however, she was a stranger to the nature of her sentiments. She only knew, that she was happy in the presence of Belford, and miserable in his absence. Belford, agreeable in his person, possessed almost every mental endowment. But fortune had denied him the lustre of high birth, and that of opulence ; and these, in the eyes of Earl Stanhope, were essential disadvantages. Lady Harriet thought otherwise : love had whispered to her that Belford was the most amiable of men. The Earl had no conception

ception that a young Lady of Quality could be susceptible of the least emotion in favour of a man of inferior rank.—As if Nature had established these chimerical distinctions, and as if all men possessed not an equal right to experience sensibility, and to excite it !

Unhappily the souls of this young couple were congenial. Though awed by the dignity of her situation, Belford yet loved Lady Harriet with a tenderness unbounded as her own. Hardly could he conceal his emotion when he saw her; and when their eyes accidentally met, his whole frame seemed to be convulsed. Lady Harriet soon perceived, that her feelings for Belford were of the most tender love ; and he, unable to suppress his passion, declared to her its violence. They interchanged a thousand vows of eternal constancy, while they yielded to an enthusiasm which no language can express, and which innocence alone can feel.

But it is not in man to be satisfied with a pure affection. Our young couple experienced this truth. Their desires, as they became less delicate, became more bold and impetuous. Nature was too strong for reason ; situation and circumstances

stances were favourable; and at length Lady Harriet, forgetting what she owed to her family and to religion, resigned herself to the embraces of Mr. Belford.

Punishment followed closely on her guilt. She became a stranger to repose, and every moment beheld her father ready to sacrifice her to his injured honour. Often did she resolve to close her sorrows in death; but the powerful sensations of a mother, which she already felt, and the thoughts of parting with Belford, to whom her situation was still unknown, withheld her hand.——With what distraction did she at length inform him of her pregnancy! and with what horror did he receive the fatal intelligence! ‘I will throw myself, said Lady Harriet, at the feet of my father; he will pity my situation; he will permit me to call thee husband; the innocent babe in the womb will make him hear its voice; it will affect him; and in consideration of our child he will pardon me.’

Lady Harriet, however, was not possessed of so much resolution. She had not power to make such a confession to her father. At the sight of the Earl, and on the recollection of his pride, her fears were

were perpetually excited ; and an accident soon convinced her, that they were too well grounded. On the recital of a story similar to her own, the haughty Lord exclaimed, ‘ Had I been that father, my daughter should not have survived a moment.’ From these words the wretched Lady Harriet foresaw her fate. Her pregnancy advanced ; and, in hopes of an asylum from his fury, she resolved to fly from her father to an uncle of her husband : for old Belford was now dead, and, from losses in trade, had not left what was sufficient to satisfy his creditors.

The uncle of the young lover, a slave to avarice, which almost perpetually attends on men of business, was afraid to incur the resentment of Earl Stanhope : he abandoned therefore Lady Harriet and Mr. Belford to their unhappy destiny. Mean while they learnt that the Earl had made enquiries after his daughter, and, emboldened by this circumstance, and pressed by necessity, they formed the resolution of throwing themselves upon his mercy, and trusted that the feelings of a father would disarm the natural severity of his temper ; and before they repaired to his presence, they were joined in marriage.

riage. The Earl heard the story of his daughter with the utmost indignation: all his ideas of pride and dignity were wounded: ‘ That ignoble fellow thy husband ! (exclaimed he) Wretch ! get thee from my presence, and let my curse for ever attend thee.’

The unhappy couple retired under agitations which it is impossible to describe. Belford, without money, and without a friend, knew not to what he might betake himself. To conceal his misery he fled into the country, and carrying with him his wife, submitted to the meanest drudgery, to procure a subsistence for her. Mean while Lady Harriet became a mother. But Belford, not being used to labour, could not support the fatigue. In vain did he say to himself, “ It is for my wife and my son that I labour.” His strength became gradually wasted; love and paternal fondness could not renew his nature, and he at last sunk under it. The master Belford had worked with, being a morose and avaricious man, would not, after Belford’s death, give the least assistance to Lady Harriet. She therefore, with the very small matter she had, was obliged to wander in search of some asylum,

lum, where she might, at least, have shelter. Shunning the towns, she crawled from village to village; and at last, rejected at every quarter, and quite spent under the burden of her distress, she was ready to perish with want and with disease. Only one poor woman, who herself craved the charity of the publick, took pity on her situation, and received her into a hovel that afforded her a shelter from the weather. Her strength was exhausted; she gazed upon her child, embraced him, and fell into a swoon. Her child seemed to share in her distress, and to mingle his tears and his groans with her's. What a picture of distress!

Amidst the decays of nature, as a last effort of affection for her son, she resolved to write to her father. She begged a bit of paper and some ink, and gave way to her tears. Her letter was expressed in these terms:

‘ Make haste, my Lord, I dare not call you father, and close the eyes (shall I say it) of your unhappy daughter. Deny me not a name which I shall soon relinquish for ever. My soul longs to expire in your bosom, in the bosom of a parent still dear to me: Can he yet refuse me his pardon?

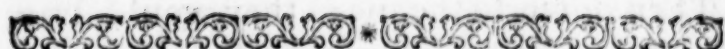
Oh!

Oh ! grant it, my Lord, grant it for the sake of a little innocent, whom I throw at your feet, who stretches out his hands to you as an intercessor for his mother. My Lord, my father, suffer me to die in your embrace. If I have offended you, come to witness the punishment I suffer. Once more I entreat you to yield to my wishes, to my tears. Come, and let my last looks be divided between you and my child.'

The inhumanity of Lord Stanhope was now totally disarmed : he hastened to snatch his daughter from destruction : he every moment exclaimed with a sigh, ' Is it possible that I should have brought such distress upon my child ? That I, her father, should have plunged her into this gulph of wretchedness ! '

His repentance was too late, and his haste to see her unavailing. Before he could reach her desolate mansion, she was nothing.

A



A

M O R N I N G W A L K.

AT the season when nature descends,
And scatters the plain with sweet
flow'rs :

When Phœbus his influence lends,
And the earth is refresh'd with soft
flow'rs ;

In the morning pursuing their walk,
Young Strephon and Daphne I saw ;
How engaging they seem'd to talk !
While their eyes told each other their
joy.

By the side of the hedge they stepp'd slow,
Nor suffer'd, neglected, to die,
The herbs that profusely-wild grow,
Known alone to the curious eye.

Now over the gate they reclin'd,
Intent on the husbandman's toil ;
Who when earth, soft, relenting, proves
kind,
Plows, cleanses, or sows his rich soil.

H

Then

Then down to the mead they would stray,
 Where the verdure refreshes the sight;
 But frequently paus'd by the way,
 With apt words to express their delight.

To the hill now their walk I pursu'd,
 Where new objects new pleasure impart;
 And as nature's fair portrait they view'd,
 This lesson they read to my heart:

With these beauties how charm'd is the
 eye!

The prospect how varied and gay!
 My Strephon, these scenes we espy,
 Though speechless, instruction convey.

The fields kept so neat and so clean,
 Which the farmer each day doth inspect,
 Remind me of home, that within
 There should be nought consum'd by
 neglect.

The stream that glides smoothly along,
 Bids me never meet passion with rage;
 If you frown—I will sing a soft song;
 Your anger soft words shall assuage.
 The

The Sheep that enliven the plain,
 Not far from their Shepherd will roam,
 Seem to say, that true pleasure in vain
 Is sought for, if not found at home.

Dear Daphne, that village observe,
 There, how happy the few who reside !
 They live, without guileful reserve,
 At a distance from Folly and Pride.

Simplicity walks with the Clown ;
 Coy Modesty dwells with the Fair ;
 For Charity look to yon dome ;
 The Vicar and her should be there.

Mark yon cot, rear'd for plain humble
 swains,
 Where blessings, though few, greatly
 please,
 'Tis the lot of the peasant, who gains
 With his evenings contentment and
 ease.

There Temperence, healthful and gay,
 Smiles at labour, though coarse be his
 meat ;
 With a song he salutes the new day,
 And his bread and his rest are both
 sweet.

There, obscur'd, modest worth steals thro'
life,

With Peace, smiling Peace, at his
board :

To the gay busy crowd they leave strife,
Nor envy the Miser his hoard.

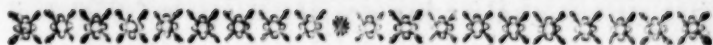
There Prudence too, neatly array'd,
Has found a snug wholesome retreat ;
Her care she owns fully repaid,
If Colin still finds her discreet.

Let the hero stake life for a name ;
Let ambition court gold, pomp, and
glare ;
Let the gay waste their days in love's
flame ;
Can they ever with Virtue compare ?

That Virtue which seeks yon retreats !
That devotion those scenes must in-
spire !

O! let me enjoy their soft sweets!
Those pleasures which sages admire !

They illumine the mind with their ray,
And point to the first forming cause ;
From each insect, and every spray,
Reflection an inference draws.



A S I N G U L A R

A N E C D O T E

O F

Q U E E N E L I Z A B E T H.

NOT long after the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret Lambun, who had been one of her attendants, become, in some measure, desperate, on account of the loss of a husband whom she dearly loved ; a loss which had been occasioned by grief, for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate princess, to whose retinue he also had belonged, formed a resolution to avenge the death of both upon the person of Queen Elizabeth.

To accomplish her purpose, she dressed herself in the habit of a man, assumed the name of Anthony Sparke, and attended at the court of England, with a pair of pistols constantly concealed about her, one to kill the Queen, when an opportunity should offer, and one to kill herself, if her crime should be discovered.

One day as she was pushing through the crowd in order to get near to her majesty, who was then walking in the garden, she accidentally dropped one of her pistols. This circumstance being observed by the guards, she was immediately seized in order to be sent to prison. The Queen, however, interfered, and desired to examine the culprit first. She accordingly demanded her name, her country, and her quality ; and Margaret, with a resolution still undaunted, replied, " Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet am I a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrun ; and I was several years in the service of Mary, a Queen whom you have unjustly put to death, and thereby deprived me of the best of husbands, who could not survive the bloody catastrophe of his innocent mistress. His memory is hardly more dear to me than is that of my injured Queen ; and regardless of consequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but fruitless, were the efforts I made to divert me from my purpose :—I found myself constrained to prove by experience the truth of the maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance,

geance, when she is impelled to it by love."

Highly as the Queen had cause to resent this speech, she heard it with coolness, and answered it with moderation.

"You are persuaded then, said her majesty, that in this step you have done nothing but what your duty required:—what think you is my duty now to do to you?"

"Is that question put in the character of a Queen or that of a judge?" replied Margaret with the same intrepid firmness.

Elizabeth professed to her that it was in that of a Queen.

"Then," continued Lambrun, "it is your majesty's duty to grant me a pardon."

"But what security," demanded the Queen, "can you give me, that you will not make the like attempt upon some future occasion?"

"A favour ceases to be one, madam," replied Margaret, "when it is yielded under such restraints.—In so doing, your majesty would act against me as a judge."

"I have been thirty years a Queen," cried Elizabeth, turning to the courtiers then present, "and had never such a lecture read to me before." And she immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional, as it had been desired, in opposition to the opinion of the President of the Council, who told her majesty that he thought she ought to have punished so daring an offender.

The fair criminal, however, gave an additional proof of her prudence, in begging the Queen to extend her generosity one degree further, by granting her a safe conduct out of the kingdom ; with which favour also Elizabeth chearfully complied, and Margaret Lambrun from that period lived a peaceable life in France.

REAL



REAL FRIENDSHIP.

REAL Friendship is rarely to be found. Antiquity furnisheth but few instances of it; the present age scarce one. The example I shall produce of this generous, disinterested, and virtuous passion, is not from our own country, but from the history of Poland.

Octavius and Leobellus, two young gentlemen of Wilna in Lithuania, were bred up together, and were inseparable companions: they seemed to have but one will, or two bodies actuated by one soul; so that reason and justice always regulated their sentiments when they differed. While they were at the university, Octavius fell in love with Paulina, a lady of superior rank, both as to birth and fortune; and moreover, destined by her relations for Gelasius, a young nobleman, whose haughtiness, in his addresses to the young lady, gave her such a disgust towards his person, that she preferred the gentleman, Octavius, in her heart, to the

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nobleman.

nobleman. Gelasius, supposing that the lady's aversion to him was occasioned by his rival Octavius, threatened him with his resentment. Octavius only answered, that inclination was free, and, if he could engage that of Paulina, it was not his resentment that should make him desist. The consequence of which answer was, that they were thoroughly displeased with each other.

Gelasius prevailed with Paulina's relations to forbid all intercourse and correspondence between her and Octavius, and to oblige her to look upon Gelasius as one designed to be her husband; which increased her aversion to Gelasius, and her affection for Octavius. Gelasius saw its effects, and resolved to remove his rival. Being informed by spies, hired on purpose, that Octavius frequently entertained Paulina at her window, he took with him a friend, named Megasius, and a servant, and formed an ambush near Paulina's house, to interrupt the lover. At the time expected, Octavius advanced with his friend Leobellus, who, at the appearance of Paulina, by a signal given, retreated, to give the lovers an opportunity to converse; but immediately the servant
fell

fell upon Leobellus, while Gelasius and Megasius took the task of dispatching Octavius. Leobellus soon disabled the servant, and flying with speed to the assistance of Octavius, found him with his back to a wall, maintaining a very unequal fight; and, at the first thrust, he laid Gelasius dead; and then, turning upon Megasius, wounded him and made him fly; he himself having received no hurt: but Octavius was desperately wounded.

This affair was represented by Megasius, to the friend of Gelasius, to be a treachery contrived by the two friends, who had assaulted them in the dark, which being depofed before the magistrates, Octavius was taken, but Leobellus made his escape, concealing himself, with hopes to find an opportunity to prove his own and his friend's innocence. However, Octavius was tried, and, upon the sole evidence of Megasius, was sentenced to lose his head; and he was already brought upon the scaffold to be executed, when Leobellus, rushing through the crowd, called to the executioner to stop his hand, for that he himself was the only person guilty; and, mounting the scaffold, de-

H 6

clared.

clared the truth of the matter to the magistrates, cleared his friend, and offered his own life to satisfy the law. The whole multitude cried pardon, and the Magistrates carried back the two friends to the hall, to rehear the cause. When, in the presence of the Palatine of Wilna, the two friends generously contesting which should die to save the other, he patiently heard every circumstance of this dark affair; and having heard, with pleasure and surprise, Leobellus plead for his friend's discharge, said, 'So far am I from judging you guilty, or condemning you to death, that I cannot but look upon what you have done to be a glorious action. I therefore acquit you both, and adjudge Megastus to lose his head for his treachery and perjury; and request, as a favour, to be admitted the third into your friendship.' He also procured Octavius the happiness of Paulina; married Leobellus to a relation of his own, and recommended them both to advantageous posts in the court of Poland.

TRUE

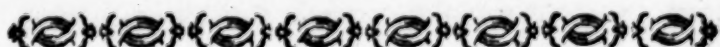


TRUE GENEROSITY.

AN honest father of a family, full of wealth and years, had a mind to settle, before he died, his succession between his three sons, and divide his wealth between them, the fruit of his labours and industry. After having made three equal divisions, and assigned to each his portion, 'I have still, added he, a diamond of great value; and I design it for him of you who shall best deserve it by some noble and generous action, and I allow you a quarter of a year to qualify yourselves to obtain it.' The three sons immediately dispersed, but come together again at the prescribed time. They present themselves before their judge, and the eldest makes this report: 'Father, during my absence, a stranger found himself so circumstanced as to be obliged to entrust me with his whole fortune; he had no security from me in writing, and he would not have been able to produce any proof, nor the least token of the deposit; but I faithfully restored

stored it to him. Is there not something laudable in this fidelity?" "Thou hast done, son, answered the old gentleman, what was only thy duty. If thou hadst been capable of acting otherwise, thy baseness should have weighed thee down with shame to the grave, for probity is a duty. Thy action is an action of justice, but not an action of generosity." The second son pleaded his cause in his turn much in these words: "I happened to be, during my journey, on the strand of a lake; a child had unguardedly fallen into it, and would have been drowned, had not I ventured in, and saved his life, in presence of many inhabitants of the village, bordering on this lake, who can attest the truth of the fact." "Very well, said the father, interrupting him: there is nothing noble in this action; it is only a point of humanity." The last of the three brothers then spoke: "Father, said he, I found my mortal enemy, who had wandered out of his road, asleep, without knowing it, on the brink of an abyss; the least motion made by him, at the time of waking, must have tumbled him headlong into it; his life was in my hands: I took care to awake him with
the

the proper precautions, and dragged him away from that fatal place." "Hah! my dear son, cried the good father with transports, and tenderly embracing him: thine, undoubtedly, is the precious jewel; for thou hast the best claim to it.——True Generosity consists in doing good to our enemies.



T H E

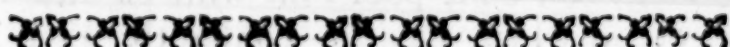
K N A V E

O U T W I T T E D .

A Merchant, upon the point of setting out upon a journey, intrusted to a Dervise, his friend, a purse of gold. At his return, he applied to him for his deposit; but the perfidious Dervise denied his having any. The exasperated merchant carried his complaints before Moavie Cadi of Bagdad. Had this merchant been less credulous, and procured witnesses when he delivered his money to the Dervise,

Dervise, the business would have been soon determined; but he had neglected that precaution. The Cadi, seeing it would be impossible to convict this faithless trustee, ordered the merchant to attend again on the morrow, and immediately sent for the Dervise. The Cadi received him with civility, and expressed a pretended regard for him, the better to gain his confidence. After some conversation, an affair of consequence (says the Cadi) obliges me to leave the country for some time; I have a very considerable sum of gold, that I dare not carry with me; I would not make choice of you for a depository, if I knew a man in the city more honest. As this business must be secretly transacted, I will send you the money to-morrow night — The Dervise, overjoyed, assured the Cadi of inviolable fidelity, and returned home fully determined to violate it. The merchant did not fail to attend the Cadi the next day; and as soon as he saw him, “Go (says he) to the Dervise, and if he refuses to restore the charge left with him, threaten him that you will complain to me.” He instantly obeyed; and the Dervise, hearing the name of the Cadi, whose confidence he

he had so much interest to secure, immediately re-delivered him the trust.—The merchant returned to the Cadi, to testify his acknowledgment for the favour.—During this, the Dervise waited impatiently for the performance of the promise made him. Alarmed at hearing no news of it, he hurried to the Cadi: but what was his astonishment, when he heard himself reproached by the judge for his breach of faith! He retired in great confusion and despair, for having been the dupe of his own credulity.



SINGULAR ACCOUNT

OF A

M I S E R.

AVarice, of all other passions, is the least to be accounted for; as it precludes the Miser from all pleasure, except that of hoarding. The prodigal, the gamester, the ambitious, have something to plead by way of palliatives for their inordinate affections to their respective objects and pursuits; but the Miser gratifies his passion at the expence of every

very conveniency, indulgence, or even necessary of life: he is aptly compared to the magpie, who hides gold, which he can make no use of.

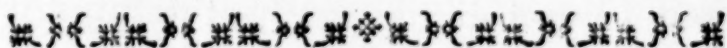
Mr. Vandille was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits; maintained one poor old woman, to attend him in his garret; allowed her only seven sous *per week*, or a penny *per diem*. His usual diet was bread and milk; and, for indulgence, some poor sour wine on Sunday; on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor, being one shilling and a penny *per annum*, which he cast up; and after his death, his extensive charity amounted to forty-three shillings and four pence. This prudent œconomist had been a magistrate, or officer, at Boulogne; from which obscurity he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with his life and soul. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster-general at the

the market; and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his beard, at no expence of his own; not, doubtless, from any other principle than that of serving the public, in regulating the goodness of milk. When he was called to Paris, knowing that stage vehicles were expensive, he determined to go thither on foot; and to avoid being robbed, he took care to export with himself neither more nor less than the considerable sum of three-pence sterling, to carry him one hundred and thirty miles; and, with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a poor Priest, or Mendicant, and no doubt gathered some few pence on the road, from such pious and well-disposed persons of the country who were strangers to him.

The great value a Miser annexes to a farthing, will make us less surprized at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the seed, growing, by gentle gradations, into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands and ten thousands; which made this worthy connoisseur say, "Take care of the farthings, and the pence and shillings will take care of themselves;

“ themselves ; these femina of wealth may
 “ be compared to seconds of time, which
 “ generate years, centuries, and even
 “ eternity itself.” When he became
 extensively rich, being in the year 1735
 worth seven or eight hundred thousand
 pounds, which he begot or multiplied on
 the body of a single shilling, from the age
 of sixteen to the age of seventy-two ; one
 day he heard a wood-man going by in
 summer, at which season they stock them-
 selves with fuel for the winter ; he agreed
 with him at the lowest rate possible, but
 stole from the poor man several logs, with
 which he loaded himself to his secret hid-
 ing-hole ; and thus contracted, in that
 hot season, a fever : he then sent, for the
 first time, for a surgeon to bleed him ; who
 asking half a livre for the operation,
 was dismissed ; he then sent for an apo-
 thecary, but he was as high in his de-
 mand ; he sent for a poor barber, who
 undertook to open a vein for three-
 pence a time : “ But (says this worthy
 “ œconomist) friend, how often will it
 “ be requisite to bleed ? ” — “ Three
 “ times,” said he. — “ And what quan-
 “ tity of blood do you intend to take ? ”
 “ — About eight ounces each time,” an-
 “ swered.

“ fwered the barber —— “ That will
 “ be nine-pence: too much, too much,”
 “ fays the old Mifer. “ I have determin-
 “ ed to go a cheaper way to work: take
 “ the whole quantity you defign to take
 “ at three times, at one time, and that
 “ will fave me fix pence:” which be-
 ing infifted on, he loft twenty-four
 ounces of blood, and died in a few
 days, leaving all his vaft treasures to the
 King, whom he made his fole heir.——
 Thus he contracted his diforder by puf-
 ing, and his death by an unprecedented
 piece of parfimony.



T H E
 T R A V E L S
 O F
 V I R T U E.

V I R T U E, defirous of vifiting the
 abode of mortals, undertook a
 journey through the world: fhe was at-
 tended by Temperance, Juftice, and Hu-
 manity,

manity, her constant companions in all her peregrinations. They passed the first part of the journey without any considerable opposition ; but when they arrived at a certain city called Manhood, the metropolis of the kingdom of Existence, they received many insults from the subjects of Vice, who was governor of the place. They however behaved themselves with great steadiness and resolution, and looked upon the aspersions thrown on them with contempt : but they were surprized by Temptation, Allurement, and Consent. It was with great difficulty that they escaped out of their hands ; and Temperance, Justice, and Humanity, had nearly been carried off by a company of robbers, whose names were Extravagance, Villany, and Cruel Disposition. All their arts could not, however, deceive, or their power force Virtue ; who, being the favourite of the skies, was defended from every insinuation, and protected from every danger.

Soon after, Virtue and her companions met with Misfortune, attended by a numerous retinue ; yet they remained serene and calm, nor discovered the least sinful disorder or emotion ; so that the inhabitants

habitants of the earth were astonished, and the family of Sense were confounded. But Virtue seeing their amazement, spoke to them in the following manner: "Why are ye surprized, O ye children of the dust? You judge only from external appearance, and contemplate the outward surface of things; but assure yourselves, my happiness does not depend on the breath of fame, nor is it placed in that which the world terms Felicity: it is neither grandeur, riches, nor pomp, that please my soul, but the approbation of him whose favour is preferable to life in its brightest senses, and in its most alluring circumstances. I look upon my present afflictions as only designed to prove and try the sincerity of my heart: a much nobler prospect lies before me; my estate is yet to come, and the possession sure and certain. The seas may evaporate, the skies pass away, the rocks crumble to dust, and the mountains know their place no more; but my inheritance is secured, and my crown fadeth not away: I am descended from the Great Eternal of the skies: he is my father, my guardian, my protector: his hand shall safely guide me through the maze of life, and the glory of his presence

presence illuminate the valley of the shadow of death."

Having spoken these words, Virtue and her companions pursued their journey along the road of Mortality with chearfulness. Amidst all the fatigue and difficulties that attended them, they fainted not, nor were they weary. At last they reached that antient town in the road of life stiled Old Age, where they were seized by Infirmary, Sickness, and Decline: and after being for some time confined in the prison of Disease, they were conducted through the land of Darkness to the region of Death, where their faces turned pale, and they were ready to sink with fear; till accosted by Good Conscience, who promised to appear as their friend, when they were brought to the bar for trial. Nor did he fail in his promise. The judge was satisfied with his report, and commanded Innocence to waft them over the river of Oblivion, and land them on the shore of Immortality. Here they were received by Glory, and with him took their flight from the view of mortals.

F I N I S.



